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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

MR. BALDWIN'S earnest appeal to Trade Unionists, on returning to England after his Canadian tour, has not failed to elicit a response. He begged them to co-operate in extinguishing the forest fires in British industry, and even so extremist a leader as Mr. Hicks is now heard speaking of the benefits which might result from conference and co-operation between the workers and the employers in ailing industries. Who with memories of the language used at previous Trades Union Congresses by Mr. Swales and Mr. Purcell could have expected, from a man of Mr. Hicks's antecedents, such reasonable and profitable advice? A couple of years ago it was this very policy of conference with employers which excited the bitterest contempt of the left-wing of Trade Unionism; and even now there are those who regard it as a policy of bolstering up an economic system which it is the business of good Socialists to destroy. But the heart-searching which followed on the folly of the great strike has not been in vain. Conventional denunciation of capitalism and of the feebleness or the wickedness of the present Government we still

hear; but it is not only from the soberest Trade Union leaders that there now comes the admission that masters and men have interests in common, and that only united efforts can revive prosperity. Mr. Citrine has spoken, on the eve of the Congress, even more clearly and effectively, because less grudgingly, in this sense than Mr. Hicks.

While Trade Unionism, chastened by the experiences of the morrow of the strike, is much more disposed to respond to such appeals as Mr. Baldwin's than it has been for some years, it has also outgrown its toleration of its Russian allies. The brutal abuse with which the Russian Unions have assailed the leaders of British Trade Unionism would alone have made an eventual rupture inevitable; but to insult was added the injury of persistent Russian efforts to undermine the authority of those leaders. For months past the Anglo-Russian Committee has been a lifeless body; it is now swept away. British Trade Unionism can only gain by the decision. Continuance of the pretence that there could be an honourable working alliance between Russian and British Trade Unionism made the latter suspect not only in this country, but by Continental workers. The new tone in reply to Mr. Baldwin,

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the rupture with Russia, are among the signs that British Trade Unionism is moving towards a juster conception of its duties and opportunities. In congratulating the sorely-tried leaders who have risked much in thus educating their followers, we must add that an immense amount of educational work remains to be done.

The grim trial of strength between the State and Trade Unionism in Queensland has many lessons for this country. Obviously, when the State is employer, relations between employer and employees are not of necessity harmonious; and it would appear that any Government, faced with a challenge to its authority, must either take up that challenge in dead earnest, using every means to maintain its power and the security of the people as a whole, or abdicate with ignominy. To be fair, several of the wiser of British Trade Union leaders saw as much at the time of the great strike here. They knew, and admitted, that a Labour Government would have had no choice but to imitate Mr. Baldwin's under similar conditions, and they were probably conscious that their position would have been even more trying than that of a Government unhampered by extravagant Socialistic declarations and a peculiar dependence on the Unions. Of the issue of the Queensland troubles there can be no doubt. When a section pits itself against the whole community, when it raises the question whether the Government or organized Labour shall govern, it is bound to be defeated.

The Geneva Assembly opened in an atmosphere of unusual excitement owing to the fact that, for the first time in the League's history, there was a keen fight for the post of President of the Assembly. Everyone had imagined the Japanese candidate would be elected, but, at the last moment, it transpired that, a year ago, Sir Austen Chamberlain had given a quiet promise of support to M. Guani, the representative of Uruguay. Count Mensdorff, one-time Ambassador of Austria-Hungary in London, then appeared on the scene, and, when the Japanese withdrew, ran M. Guani very close for the Presidency. It seems strange that three League Assemblies out of eight should have been presided over by representatives of Latin America, so many States of which have achieved notoriety by their reluctance to pay their contributions to the League's exchequer. It is also astonishing that Sir Austen Chamberlain should have learnt so little about the danger of making promises, despite the lamentable results a year ago of his promise to Spain to get her a permanent seat on the Council.

The week has been marred by the disastrous failure of attempts to cross the Atlantic by air. When we wrote last week it was uncertain whether the aeroplane *St. Raphael*, in which Colonel Minchin, Captain Hamilton and Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim were attempting the east to west journey had come to grief or not; now it must be presumed that—bar a miracle—it will not be heard of again. On Wednesday S.O.S. messages were received from the aeroplane *Old Glory* flying from America to Rome, and though several liners made immediately for the spot indicated

by the messages no trace of the flyers could be found, and their loss, too, must now be presumed. On Thursday the *Sir John Carling*, bound from London, Ontario, for London, England, was due to arrive at Croydon, but up to the time of our going to press no news of her had been received, and grave anxiety for her safety must be felt. The success of four consecutive Atlantic flights produced in the lay mind a false conception of the venture as being comparatively safe; earlier failures tended to get forgotten, but now the balance has been rudely redressed. The truth is that long-distance flights have this year alone (presuming for the moment the safety of the *Sir John Carling*) accounted for the loss of nine aeroplanes and eighteen lives.

In view of these repeated disasters, people are naturally asking whether the game is worth the prize; whether such flights "ought to be allowed." The answer is that nothing can prevent them. "You can no more prevent a man from attempting to fly the Atlantic," says Sir Sefton Brancker, "than you can prevent him from attacking Mount Everest." Sir Sefton is right. And this is the chief, perhaps the only—but a sufficient—argument for the flights. We cannot agree with *The Times* when it says that the question which every pilot on these flights must put to himself is, "How will my effort contribute to the future of aviation?" It is true, if brutal, to say that, judged by this standard, few if any of the long-distance flights which have recently been undertaken have been justifiable. But this is not the conclusion of the whole matter. They have not all contributed to the future of aviation; but they have all contributed to that anthology of courageous deeds which distinguish mankind as a being of spirit and aspirations. *Sic itur ad astra*

Mr. Churchill, in his speech at Floors Castle, gave a cheerful account of the manner in which national finances had stood the severe strain imposed on them and an assurance against such future demands on the patience of taxpayers as most of us fear. It is possible that the note of optimism was in some degree due to the imminence of overdue debt conversion loans. But in the main, we take it, Mr. Churchill was prompted by a desire to cut the ground from under the feet of the spending departments by a pronouncement which should render impossible any projects involving new taxation. With his motive—and there must have been some such motive for an assurance given eight months in advance—we sympathize. But is it quite certain that the yield from income tax will not fall below his calculations? Is it not likely that the Treasury will have to make heavy refunds of excess profits taxation? Is the industrial horizon so clear that all calculations can be made now? We ask these questions, but must express our admiration of the discipline which Mr. Churchill, naturally so ardent and innovative, puts upon himself when he contemplates a Budget without novelty or sensation.

The resignation of Mr. Walsh, Minister for Posts and Telegraphs, does not appreciably shake Mr. Cosgrave's position. There is some



force in Mr. Walsh's contention that the economic condition of the Free State deserves a priority of consideration which is denied it among the disputes of the hour, but his criticism of his late colleagues contains a good deal of extravagant and self-defeating matter. Mr. Cosgrave seems to have the tide of public opinion with him. Whatever may be defective in his performance, his policy and his personality must appear to the majority of thoughtful Irishmen the only available guarantees against the relapse of their country into the confusion and strife from which he and his associates rescued it. He may be recommended to them by a line of argument similar to Mr. Walsh's. What are even the issues stated by that ex-Minister when the question is asked how Southern Ireland would fare without his guidance?

The prospect of Arctic colonization opened up by an address to the British Association is exciting. The Antarctic offers no hope, but this is by no means the first time that there has been presented the picture of the frozen north peopled by breeders of moose. Arduous as conditions of life in those regions would be, there is reason to believe that life would be supportable, and that the rewards of enterprise might be adequate to the efforts and trials involved. But a peopled north means something more than another outlet for emigrants and a new source of supply for the meat which Europe imports. It means, or in time might mean, some shifting of the centre of economic gravity. The effects on Russia and on Canada, to mention but two of the countries which would be affected, might be very remarkable. Speculation on the subject would take us far. At present Arctic colonization is no more than a project in the minds of a few explorers and scientists, who have satisfied themselves that the climate can be borne indefinitely, and that subsistence would not be lacking. The day is distant when the stroller in the Strand will be wooed to the adventure by chromo-lithographs of icebergs and Polar bears and free samples of moose flesh.

Are we to abandon belief in the infallibility of feminine intuition? Professor Valentine, at the British Association, does much to shake belief in it. He points, with mournful triumph, to the fact that of a number of women who were shown a portrait of Mr. St. John Ervine one thought that dramatic critic "kind and gentle in disposition," another thought him "cruel and sarcastic," a third "modest and effeminate." Effeminacy is not apparent in the writings of Mr. St. John Ervine, but it may be that all the other qualities exist for those with the skill to read them in his photograph. There was once a man, now with God, who professed to be able to tell a bi-metallist at sight, though to ordinary observers there seemed no connexion between profile and convictions about currency; and there is the classic case of the official who, whenever he saw a passport-photograph, unerringly deduced that the subject was a traveller. But women gazing at a man's photograph gaze with some prejudice. They look for certain qualities, important in the relations between the sexes, so intently that they may miss others.

## UNBURYING THE HATCHET

THE 'Origin of Species' was published in 1859. Who would have believed it possible that in 1927—sixty-eight years later—the controversy that followed its appearance would break out again among intelligent or presumably intelligent people, that the same old battery of obsolete guns would be trundled into line and trained on a position long ago vacated by all but a few fanatics? The incredible has happened. That there remained a few strongholds of Fundamentalism dotted here and there over the world, where the tattered relics of Literalism were guarded with fiery defiance, we knew; but these, we imagined, were all that remained of Eden. We were wrong. In the country which a few years ago permitted itself a contemptuous laugh at the antics of Mr. William Jennings Bryan and his Fundamentalist trial in Dayton, Tennessee, arguments hardly less fantastic are now to be heard issuing from the mouths of responsible persons.

We refer, we need hardly say, to the orgy of superannuated rubbish that has followed upon the speech of Sir Arthur Keith to the British Association. The annual beanfeast of this body has become established as a happy hunting ground for journalists in the silly season; we have learnt to expect, even to look forward to, a good deal of nonsense and a good deal more over-popularized sense from the great minds solemnly assembled. They allow, it seems, the generous impulse to provide readable "copy" for news-starved sub-editors on occasion to sway their judgment unduly. Indeed, it is not possible to avoid the suspicion that their passion for pure truth is compromised now and then by a strictly scientific calculation of the uses of publicity. To all this we have grown accustomed. But this year's meetings have achieved a unique air of unreality by reason of the squabble that has developed—almost incredibly—between the scientists and the Church—aided and abetted by the Press.

Sir Arthur Keith remarked unprovocatively that subsequent research has upheld, with modifications, the theory of evolution propounded by Darwin. (Whether or no he is justified in so saying is not here to the point.) Instantly there leap from their scabbards a hundred swords eager to do battle in a cause that we supposed had been honourably lost half a century ago. For years children at the most respectable schools have been taught the Higher Criticism. Yet here are responsible leaders of religious thought calling down fire on the evolutionists. It would be comic if it were not doing such a tragic disservice to the Church. This is the kind of thing that gets it into ill repute. Surely at this time of day nobody should find it difficult to harmonize evolution with the Christian faith? We read that in suggesting that the universe has "always existed" Sir Oliver Lodge is "challenging Genesis." We do not know what Sir Oliver meant by this remark; it is more than likely he does not know himself. But this talk of "challenging Genesis," as though a literal belief in a six-day creation were a necessary preliminary to salvation—! It is

like going to war against a modern army with bows and arrows.

But the main point is that it is quite unnecessary to go to war at all. There is nothing to fight about—the bones of the ape are not bones of contention. The business of evolution is concerned with the evidence of the body: it is of the earth, earthy; religion is concerned with the evidence of the spirit. Science is concerned with processes; religion with prime causes. Darwin himself went out of his way to state that nothing in his theory stood in the way of the acceptance of a Creator. Whether the hen or the egg came first is a matter for the evolutionists to argue, and perhaps decide; whichever way they settle it there remains the necessity for explaining how the first of the two got there.

That it should be necessary to restate these platitudes is a measure of the degradation into which the controversy has sunk. As between the scientists, the religionists and the Press there is little to choose; but perhaps the most sterile suggestion of the whole meeting came from the Bishop of Ripon when he proposed a ten years' halt for science. Dr. Burroughs we have always regarded as an intelligent and broad-minded man. Since he preached his sermon he has made a valiant effort to explain it away; but he has only partially succeeded. We regard his Erehwonian proposition as mistaken not because we imagine the advance of science to be benevolent to mankind, but for the far less contentious reason that it is plainly impracticable. The future that scientific discovery holds out for us is at least as much a menace as a promise, but who shall stay its development? Butler's creatures only became fantastic when they succeeded in checking the onslaught of the machines. In all that led them to the decision to do so, in the realization that the machine had become the master and man its servant, they were no more than literal interpreters of their times; but just because of the truth of their perception, just because the machine *was* the master, they would have been impotent to prevent its progress. So Dr. Burroughs-Canute is impotent to stay the tide of science. To attempt it would be absurd; to wish it is cowardly. The Church can best serve the modern world by marching with, not against, the scientists.

As a Bishop, Dr. Burroughs has been instrumental in devising and recommending the Revised Prayer Book—a Book which the Primate has very properly defended as being an attempt to keep the Church abreast of the times. He would not, we know, advocate a ten years' halt for religion: and as that would be impossible, so is it impossible to retard or suspend any activity of the human mind. It is by his questing after discovery, by his thirst for adventure, whether of the body or the spirit, that man is distinguished from the beasts that perish; by this we know him divine. Leaders of religion have therefore a special responsibility in keeping their minds and the minds of those whom they advise active and open to the winds of progress, from whatever quarter they may blow. There is no need to be on the side of angels or apes: the two can go forward together in sweet alliance.

## AFRICAN FEDERATION

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL H. MARSHALL HOLE, C.M.G.

IT is not unlikely that the revival, which has recently been manifested in the Eastern and Central Dependencies of the Crown in Africa, of aspirations towards closer union, may be in part attributed to the outburst of racial feeling caused at the Cape by the Nationalist flag proposals, and by an uneasy suspicion that these proposals are symptomatic of a determination among extremists to secede from the Empire. Projects of federation were mooted soon after the war, when for the first time the Union Jack flew over an unbroken stretch of territory from the Cape to Cairo; but they were then regarded as academic. Now once more they are being soberly discussed as an attainable and desirable ideal. In some quarters it is seriously contended that no insurmountable obstacles exist to a scheme which should embrace the Uganda Protectorate, the Crown Colony of Kenya, the mandated territory of Tanganyika, the Protectorates of Zanzibar, Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia and the self-governing Colony of Southern Rhodesia. More practical politicians at the northern and southern extremities of the immense area covered by this group of States have in the meantime thrown out suggestions of a less comprehensive character. On the one hand we have seen an unofficial but none the less influential manifesto from Kenya advocating a federation of all British Dependencies north of the Zambesi River, and on the other we have one of the responsible Ministers of the Southern Rhodesia Cabinet speaking with some confidence of an approaching union of the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland.

The wider scheme of federation of the immense straggling area between the Sudan and the Transvaal may be dismissed for the present as premature. The two latter proposals are, however, irreconcilable because they overlap one another in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and it is worth while to consider which of them is more likely to prove acceptable to the people chiefly concerned—the British settlers—and which of them holds out the greater prospect of success. Viewed from a purely geographical point of view there are three possible lines of severance between north and south: first, the Zambesi River which separates the two Rhodesias; secondly, the narrow belt between Broken Hill and Fort Jameson, where the territories of Belgian Congo and Portuguese East Africa approach so closely to one another as nearly to nip Northern Rhodesia in two (the actual width of the separating strip is about 120 miles); and thirdly, another isthmus between the south end of Lake Tanganyika and the north end of Lake Nyasa—a distance of about 200 miles. To make the partition at the Zambesi is what is apparently desired by some of the advocates of the Northern federation. More important still, it is the end that the Colonial Office clearly have in their mind, for in a recent despatch to the Colonies concerned they state that while in the first instance closer union may be only practicable between Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika, it should be open to



Zanzibar, Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia to come into any new structure when the development of communications permits.

Such a boundary would involve the isolation of Southern Rhodesia and the sundering of the historical and sentimental ties which have cemented the two Rhodesias since their birth. It would leave on the north side of the Zambesi an unwieldy territory with no convenient spot for central administration, and would permit a rivalry between the mining and industrial population of the southern portion and the planter population of the north which might in the long run thrust the interest of Kenya into a secondary position. It would cut in two the Rhodesia Railway line, which is the great arterial system of Africa south of the Equator, and finally it would detach Northern Rhodesia from the South African Customs Union and the benefits of the Rhodes Clause, which operate advantageously alike to the Colony and to British exporters of manufactured goods. Similar arguments would apply to the second line, which would have the further drawback of cleaving native tribes of common stock and language.

Against a boundary drawn from Tanganyika to Nyasa no such objections can be raised. True, such a partition would involve the absorption of Nyasaland in the southern federation, but the present frontier between Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia is a purely artificial one and was laid down to meet circumstances which no longer exist. The interests of Nyasaland are closely interwoven with those of the territories formerly administered by the Chartered Company, which at the outset actually contributed large annual subsidies towards the cost of its Government. The natives on either side are allied by ties of family and origin. Nyasaland provides the most convenient means of approach to the eastern parts of Northern Rhodesia, and the gauge of her railways, while differing from that adopted in Kenya and Tanganyika, is uniform with that of the Rhodesian system.

The settlers of Northern Rhodesia have already shown restiveness under the somewhat parsimonious treatment meted out to them by the Colonial Office; they have contrasted this with the freedom of their neighbours across the Zambesi to raise money by public loans, and they have noted the buoyancy of trade and general prosperity which responsible government has secured to them. They look north and see with apprehension that in their anxiety to safeguard the political status of British Indians and to prepare the native population for taking part in public affairs, the British Government have placed the European settlers in a position less favourable for their own advancement. They look nearer home and believe that their sentiments, traditions and political outlook are more likely to find free expression in partnership with the south than with the north. The probabilities are therefore that they will be wary of accepting a scheme of federation which would attach them to provinces with which they have few common interests, and will turn a more favourable ear to any proposal of Sir Charles Coghlan's Ministry for a fusion of the three States which Cecil Rhodes's genius bequeathed to the Empire.

## AT GENEVA

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Geneva, September 6

FOLLOWERS of Signor Pirandello should be interested in the astounding difference between the opinion of Lord Cecil's size, power and importance held by the average Englishman and that professed by the delegates to the Eighth Assembly of the League of Nations. To the Londoner, the resignation of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster has, it appears, been a relatively minor affair; he has left office before in unexpected circumstances, and, if he has the chance, he will probably do so again. But to the delegate in Geneva Lord Cecil is the rightful successor of President Wilson, and his resignation is a matter of world importance.

This does not mean that everyone breathing the "Geneva atmosphere" necessarily feels that Lord Cecil must be entirely in the right and Mr. Baldwin (or rather, Sir Austen Chamberlain, for it is the Foreign Secretary rather than the Prime Minister who is looked upon here as "Lord Robert's" spiritual opponent) must be entirely in the wrong. Everyone here has, at one time or another, been astonished by the queer turns of the Cecilian conscience, by its excessive obstinacy on points of detail, followed by excessive measures of conciliation on points of principle, and it is felt that Lord Cecil's resignation should have come two years ago. Two years ago such a gesture of protest would have had much greater importance: now, beyond giving rise to a lot of excited and exaggerated talk, it will have no immediate political effect. What worries people at the moment is what effect, if any, it will have on the attitude of the British delegation towards the League.

I should imagine the effect will be very small. Sir Austen has replied to questioners that he considers the resignation was unnecessary and has then tactfully changed the subject. The foreign delegates are left in their bewildered state of mind—something very big is involved by Lord Cecil's resignation, but the only people who have made up their minds what it is are those who have jumped at the occasion of pointing to it as proof that the British Government alone, and not their own Governments in the least degree, must bear all the responsibility for the failure of the Three-Power Naval Conference and the comparative slowness of the League's developments in other fields.

It is important that not too many delegates should adopt this point of view, and therefore the British proposal for the reduction in the number of council meetings from four to three a year will have to be backed up very tactfully. Obviously the League would suffer in prestige if the foreign ministers, after coming to Geneva so regularly, were to send substitutes. Equally obviously direct talks between foreign ministers here are more likely to clear up misunderstandings without delay than long interchanges of diplomatic dispatches. But on the other hand many of the items on the Council agenda are quite unworthy of the attention of men like Sir Austen Chamberlain, M. Briand and Herr Stresemann. But, if Sir Austen Chamberlain bluntly insists that there should be three meetings instead of four merely because he is too busy to come four times a year to Geneva, the outside world may feel that Lord Cecil was right to act as he did, and that those who blame Great Britain for every League setback are justified.

I think he may find that there is a way out of the difficulty. Let the foreign ministers come out only three times a year, but let there be at least two meetings a year of a committee of the Council to deal with the less important routine items. The representatives on this committee could be minor members of their

respective Governments, whose intimate knowledge of League affairs would be invaluable to their foreign ministers at Council and Assembly sessions.

The lesser Powers of the world undoubtedly feel for the moment that the Great Powers are trying to stampede them out of the democratic equality that was assured them by the League Covenant. And, of the Great Powers, Great Britain is held up as the chief villain, since, not content with discussing all matters of importance in secrecy with France, Germany and Italy, she is trying to diminish the prestige of the Council by reducing the number of its sessions. Sir Austen Chamberlain is not really a villain, and he does not even look the part. Were he to pay a little more attention to the feelings and sensibilities of the smaller nations nobody would dare cast him for a rôle that suits him so ill. As I write this, there passes before my window a marvellous vision—a tall, stout Ethiopian, wearing a tall, black hat, a black cape, white trousers gathered in at the bottoms and an ordinary European overcoat much too tight for its owner. I believe this gentleman to be the chief delegate of Abyssinia, and I would that Sir Austen would keep his picture in his mind. Even Abyssinia is of importance to Great Britain—have we not long sought to use the waters of Lake Tsana?—and with very little care, very little preparing of our ground, we could so easily convince her fearsome delegate and his fellow delegates from other lands that we are the best friend of the League and not its enemy.

## CRICKET IN 1927

BY EDWARD SHANKS

THE cricket season which is now closing began with a wild hope in many breasts that the introduction of a smaller ball, authorized by the M.C.C. during the preceding winter, would do something to help the bowler. It was useless to explain, though it was often attempted, that what seemed to be an innovation was in fact only a reversion to quite recent practice and that little was to be expected from it. Whatever was expected, the results were ironically imperceptible. In a drowned summer, scoring has been as heavy as ever. Last season twelve batsmen achieved totals of over two thousand runs. This year already eleven have done so and but for Hobbs's two spells of misfortune there would certainly be a twelfth. Hammond has made twelve centuries, Hendren eleven, Mead and Shepherd, if my memory is accurate, ten apiece. One would almost think that they liked the smaller ball. The problem, therefore, remains, and it is a real problem. The bat is too much master of the ball for the real interests of the game. The bat has, indeed, been master of the ball before. In 1899 and again in 1900, "Ranji" scored over three thousand runs, playing in the second of these years only forty innings. In 1901, this was done by Fry, Abel and Tyldesley. In the nine seasons since the war, with, probably, more first-class matches than in those days, it has been done only three times.

That was, as Mr. Altham has called it, the "Golden Age of Batting"—for great batsmen. But in 1901 only nine batsmen made over two thousand runs, in 1900 only five. Pitches were, generally speaking, as good as they are now: we have since the war at least given the bowler the help of an early "summer-time" start on a wicket sometimes affected by dew. These figures, for what figures are worth, suggest to me that the standard was then higher in both departments. The great batsman of the early years of the century showed his mastery over the bowler by punishing him. The batsman of to-day does it by staying in and adding runs to his score whenever opportunity offers. He dares do no more: the bowler does not know how to prevent him.

I am not pessimistic about this state of affairs. Nature abhors a vacuum in cricket as elsewhere and the scarcity of good bowlers means that boys of promise will receive every kind of encouragement. There are already signs of a renaissance of bowling or at any rate of a demand for it which cannot but hasten its coming. There are, in most quarters to-day, more rejoicings over a new bowler than over a new batsman. The discriminating have watched the fortunes of Larwood with a tenderer care even than those of Hammond—though Hammond, as I shall presently try to show, has his own importance in the problem of modern bowling. When Notts brought out Voce, considerable excitement was caused by the thought that he might prove an equal discovery. Mr. T. A. Jacques was rightly played in the last Test Trial, in the belief that it was better to go adventuring, however much at random, among the unknown than to continue with bowlers of whom we do know that they will never arouse any enthusiasm. There are tense and significant whispers about the possibilities of Mr. I. A. R. Peebles, now qualifying for Middlesex, and still very young.

There is no reason for despair, but there is equally small reason for complacency, and we shall not hasten the desired renaissance by pretending that modern bowling is anything but a miserable business. A former England all-rounder, now an umpire, remarked to a friend of mine the other day that there were only two bowlers in the country who really knew how to spin the ball—Tate and Macaulay. There may be some exaggeration in this, but precious little. Tate is, by general consent, including the Australian vote, the first bowler in the world. I mean no disrespect to Tate when I say that this is a reason for congratulating him rather than the world of cricket. He is a fine bowler on his day, but he has too little understanding of, or control over, his own powers, for true greatness. He is not even a great erratic like the lamented Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet. When he lapses, it is into the straight up-and-down respectable and dependable mediocrity that is the curse of the modern game.

I am inclined to believe that the origin of the present decadence of bowling is to be found in the game as played in Australia, with its infective influence on English cricket. Mr. Altham, with his usual wisdom, notes A. O. Jones's tour of 1907-8 as a turning-point: "the rate of scoring in the five Test Matches averaged no more than forty-three runs per hour, perhaps the first unmistakable evidence of the logical implication of matches without time-limit." If you give a batsman all eternity in which to make as many runs as he can at whatever pace he pleases, you completely alter conditions for the bowler. What this means can be seen by looking at Australian state cricket (including one trial match) in 1925-6. Three bowlers took over twenty wickets in the season, each playing in five games. These were, Hendry with 23 wickets for an average of 26.52, Mailey, 23, with average 39.13, and Grimmett, 27, with average 41.92. Mr. Noble says that Mr. Mailey is "probably the greatest slow leg-break and 'Bosie' expert of all time," and what Mr. Noble says is likely to be right. The figures do not disprove his statement: they merely show that conditions are very different for the bowler in Australia from those which we are accustomed to regard as normal here.

Australian conditions affect cricket here because the crown of glory for every English cricketer is to play in a Test Match. And the natural product of Australian conditions is the bowler who can be depended on, aided by good fielding, to continue for long periods sending down stuff which is never too easy until at last the batsman gets himself out. The truly attacking, what we call in England the "match-winning," bowler breaks his heart in matches without time-limit. There is still some attempt to win within three days in ordinary county matches, but in important representative games this ideal is rapidly being lost sight of.



The moment a player is chosen for one of these, visions of the Antipodes swim before his eyes and he conducts himself accordingly. The Test Trials this year were ruined by rain, but it is quite certain that nothing else saved them from being ruined by Antipodean methods. The one Test Trial last year produced 905 runs for 30 wickets in three full days, with never the hope of a result. The Gentlemen and Players match at Lord's is showing the same characteristics. There was too little of it this year to justify the expression of an opinion, but last year 21 wickets went down for 1,218 runs. In 1925, it was 29 wickets for 1,139 runs. If we go on as we are going, there is no reason to suppose that, barring some caprice of the weather, this game will ever be finished again.

But we shall not, let us hope, go as we are going. The end of the present road is a contest between two sets of batsmen to see which can do better against bowling so standardized as to have no more active and combantant personality than Colonel Bogey. Already the Australians have realized the desirability of a time-limit in Sheffield Shield matches and, though it is too much to hope that they will for some time yet consent to apply the same principle in Test Matches in their own country, yet the change must have its repercussion there too. There are unmistakable signs of a revival of interest in bowling as an art, signs of a disposition to regard the bowler as something more than a harmless, necessary element of the game, like the roller. And, lastly, there is the new spirit in batting, best represented by Hammond. Just as the young Grace showed that the dreaded fast bowlers of his day could be knocked about, so the young Hammond in his first two glorious months of this season showed that the straight, up-and-down, safe and dependable modern bowler, with his run-preventing swerve, can be hit in front of the wicket and made anything but safe and dependable. He showed, in fact, that the bowler will have to think of something else, and anything that makes a bowler think is all to the good.

## BELGIUM AS THE CROW FLIES

BY ERNEST DIMNET

BREAKFAST is just over. My friend looks at his watch and makes up his mind. "Let's do it. We can be in Antwerp for lunch with plenty of time. We shall cross the whole of Belgium, and you can write a book about it next week."

Off we start, a very good car purring happily as we spin up hill and down dale. This part of France is still very much like what it used to be when Cæsar came here to "pacify" the Nervii; green meadows reclaimed from the forest, and the tall hedgerows, now reddening with hips and haws, which must have annoyed many an invading army since. The green hillocks of a Roman camp are seen on our right. French customs. Half a mile further down, Belgian customs. Not a word about passports. Not a word about contraband. Tobacco is still cheaper on the Belgian side, but, apart from that, what can you smuggle in or out that is not seven or eight times more expensive than it used to be?

The Meuse valley, which I know well, is a few miles on our right, but here we are already on the alluvial plain, and Flemish flatness begins without warning. The woods disappear, the hedges vanish, the greenness of meadows makes room for the drabness of stubble fields. Yet no wheat-stacks, no hayricks, nothing to recall that, only a few weeks ago, nature must have been lavish here. Here and there a few hop-gardens—sickly compared with those of England—put up a little fight with the boundless grey flatness of the landscape, but are routed in a minute. The Belgian country, like most of the American

country, is expectant of towns to come. In fact here, as in America, you see no villages. Elsewhere eight or nine houses would be a hamlet; here they naturally place themselves in a row which, with a little luck, will soon be an incipient suburb. The churches and school-houses are not the churches or school-houses of villages but of future towns, and I am surprised not to see the notice familiar in the United States, "Free sites for factories." Yet so far I see no factories, only powerful breweries, and, crouching on the horizon, the cinder hills announcing the mining district.

Most houses are ugly and well-built in brick of the best quality. Nothing recalls the hideous pretentiousness of the villas near Paris, but nothing speaks to the imagination or the heart. No châteaux and no parks, except walled-in affairs of about half an acre on which you have barely time to drop a grain of contempt as the car spins along. This is a medium country with something defiantly average about it. The execrable pavés of yore, which seemed so incredibly out of place in country lanes between wheat-fields, have been replaced by *soliditit* roads on which you glide as smoothly as on marble. Every few miles an advertisement-board orates in a guide's voice: "This road is built in *soliditit* which you can buy of etc. . . ."

But in a few minutes we are in Mons, which is a dear town with a great past, a dignified appearance in some parts, quaintness in others, a handsome place, a handsome church, and a striking belfry-tower. There was some destruction in 1914, but everything has been rebuilt in a reverent spirit by architects who know the virtue of a plain castellated gable, or of judiciously wide windows, judiciously separated by the right intervals. Yes. Belgium is a land of towns, and ought some day to be one vast town of forty million inhabitants.

As we wind in and out of the streets of Mons, avoiding the preparations for the *Journée Coloniale* which we see advertised everywhere, I cannot help noticing the number of clubs of all kinds comfortably accommodated on the upper stories of many cafés. You never see anything of the kind in French towns. The French are genial people, disinclined to be social and very much inclined to avoid initiation fees and unnecessary dues. We repeatedly have to slacken up on account of huge parties of cyclists, mounted on excellent machines, racing an autocar conveying a band, and round which garlands of harmony seem to be streaming in the wind. All these people are going to the next town to meet more tagged people and celebrate the *Journée Coloniale* in fine style. Some day the French, compelled by necessity, will be like that: they will gain quite a lot in efficiency and lose not a little in originality. The thought reconciles me to the strange admixture in the French of alertness to small advantages—like happiness in a cottage—and blindness to very important interests.

We also pass an *enterrement civil*, with a muffled taper in front, a crape-muffled flag in the middle, and an atheistic-looking pall over the coffin. The whole affair has lost the impudent look it used to affect, and bears a settled and definite appearance. A new cult is here, and I recall what a friend told me, a few days ago, is to be observed in as religious a region as the Cévennes. School children are overheard to brag: *Je suis de l'église*, when they are Catholics; *je suis du temple*, when they are Protestants; but *je suis du drapeau* when they are neither.

At Halle we reach the linguistic frontier, and Flemish signs appear: *In den witte Roos*, *In de tramstatie*, *In de wachtzaal*, which with one's English and a modicum of German it is amusing to decipher. This *plattdeutsch* used to give the region a German appearance. Now, in spite of activism, I find that everybody can tell you the way in very fair French, but there is a novelty. Innumerable English and especially American advertisements line the road and give it an Anglo-Saxon appearance. Nowhere in the

world does Nugget Polish seem to be so popular, and I involuntarily glance at the boots of the passers-by. A Belgian Benzine Company is advertised too constantly in English to be a really Belgian company.

But what you see everywhere is the American imprint. The names of the American automobiles, Packard, Buick, Chevrolet, quite as much as the now familiar Ford and Lincoln, glare at you round every corner. Sinclair and all the American oils are there too. This is not all. When I read "Hotel Mercantile, 400 rooms, 400 baths," or "The town you are approaching is Vilvorde, where millions of tons of this or that are manufactured," I am not taken in for one moment. This road is being Americanized. In fact, as we draw near the suburbs of Brussels, I see whole streets which seem to have been conjured away from the upper reaches of Sixteenth Street in Washington, and are certainly pretty. In Brussels, and especially in Antwerp, English-speaking signs are to be seen at every step, and seem incongruous above or beneath the gilt shrines to the Virgin still subsisting by the score.

But here are the elegant suburbs of Antwerp, the broad avenues gay with geraniums, and the aerial spire of the cathedral. In a few minutes we reach the docks; the mighty Scheldt, another Thames, is strewn with shipping. The village across there is in Holland. The whole of Belgium is behind us.

I pull out my watch. We have taken three hours and a quarter, and there has been time at Malines for a few minutes at the tiny brass cross showing you where Cardinal Mercier lies in the cathedral.

## THE FLOWER SHOW

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

IT is our annual flower, fruit and vegetable show, and a great event. It may not look to you like a great event—for you can only see two marquees in a field—but you ask Quince, our gardener. He has been thinking and talking about nothing else these past four weeks. You will find him in one of the marquees, looking strangely clean and somehow smaller in a new suit. We—that is, Quince and our garden—have won nine prizes, including the first prize for onions. Quince is radiant. He has been after that onion prize from the first, partly because it had been won for seventeen years by the same man, Mr. Snug, who lives near the station, and partly, I suspect, because he must have talked expansively about his onions one night at the 'Duck and Drake' and have been chaffed about them. So he set to work to grow some Ailsa Craigs (for that is our heroine's name) that would smash this seventeen years' record. "Oi don't care what happens, sur," he has said to me more than once, "so long as Oi gets the prize for them thar onions." He has spent whole days tending them and, latterly, gloating over them. After great deliberation, he chose nine of the largest, made a little stand for them, cutting a hole in the wood for each onion to rest in, so that they made a very fine show indeed, though I must confess that they looked to me like some new garden game, distantly connected with bowls. But there they are now, with the red label on them that dethrones Mr. Snug, who must be content with a blue label and the second prize. Quince cannot keep away from his onions; sometimes he takes a look at the apples (Second Prize) or the tomatoes (Second Prize); but he soon returns to the onions. It is really nothing to him that we had

no award for our mixed vegetables (though they were as good as Snug's, which were given a First), that our carrots have not had a look in, that roses only managed a Third. He has won nine prizes in all, and a First for onions: his ship is in harbour.

Now you can hear the Plumborough Brass Band. They are here in all the bravery of blue and silver uniforms and peaked caps, though it cannot be said they look quite at home in them. There are certain kinds of faces and figures—soldiers and policemen have them—that seem to belong to uniforms, and these honest fellows from Plumborough have not acquired such faces and figures, so look sheepish in their blue and silver. Moreover, a brass band should be loud and careless, made up of men who believe that this is the best of all possible worlds and that life can be generously saluted by brazen sounds in waltz time and the clashing of flags, but the Plumborough Band seems too earnest, thoughtful, and scrupulous, and picks out the notes as if it were not certain they ought to be touched, like visitors fingering bric-à-brac. They are telling us now that two for tea and tea for two is their ideal, but they are so uncertain and doubtful that we feel that this view of life is too shallow for Plumborough. We will leave them and visit the man who is dressed in a jockey's cap and silk vest. He is a stout middle-aged man, and looks ridiculous in this shimmering red and black, and what is more, he is the only man in the field in fancy dress; but he does not care, and has evidently long out-grown self-consciousness. He offers us three darts for twopence—there are prizes for the highest scores of the day—and we all throw darts, and some of them hit the board and some of them do not; but one of us, knowing no more of darts than the rest, makes 107, the highest score of the day so far. Such are darts, and such is life.

We are asked to guess the weight of a pig, and when we go to look at it, we find that it is a mere pigling, no bigger than a fox-terrier. Like most of the pigs in this part of the world, it is mottled, brown and black, and therefore—to my mind—quite unreal. That is probably why I find it impossible to imagine what its weight will be, and anyhow, it is eating all the time, and may be any size before the show is over. We try bowling at skittles, and I do very badly and laugh with the rest, but find myself pointing out that the ground is very uneven and that the bowls themselves are absurdly misshapen. The man we see dodging in and out of the little coal office at the station, a man who looks like a troll, asks us to pay sixpence each and put a stake, with one's name written on it, into a circle of ground where treasure is buried. (This must be a coalman's idea of life.) When we have done this, we are all weighed by the jovial gentleman-farmer in whose field the show is always held. This is something of an ordeal. There is nothing in being weighed if you step on to one of those automatic machines that send a pointer briskly round to a figure on a dial. But when you are weighed by a leisurely human being, who slowly puts one chunk of metal after another into the scale and then carefully announces the final result, it is quite a different matter. I am rather ashamed of my thirteen stone and five pounds, not because I really feel there is anything disgraceful in being a little heavier than most people, but



because there is such a thing as the pressure of public opinion, and the world, which gets sillier, is now given over to banting and to people made out of cheese-parings after supper. We have a word with the retired schoolmaster who is one of the officials of the show. He is going about putting down names and figures in a notebook, and is quite happy, feeling that he is back again in harness. Schoolmasters never really retire; there is always, at the back of their minds, an unconquered, never-to-be-surrendered fortress of pedagogy.

We must try the other marquee. The cook, who entered the meat pie and the cake (to cost less than two shillings) competitions, has not won a prize. She did not trouble about the third competition, which is for the best dish of boiled potatoes. They are all here, these dishes, and very unappetizing they look too in the middle of the afternoon, unlike the meat pies and the cakes. You have to be hungry to appreciate a potato, and this is a fact that historians ought to remember. Whenever or wherever the potato is much talked of, hunger is stalking abroad. Opposite the meat pies and the cakes are the exhibits from the school, for the most part pages from copybooks and mats and tiny dolls made of crinkled paper and raffia, the kind of dolls that children prefer to the expensive and eye-lashed beauties from the toyshops. On the table that runs down the centre are more fruit and vegetables, and an old man is measuring beans with a piece of string. I am surprised, and rather aggrieved, to discover that George, our giant pumpkin, is here. There is no mistaking him. What he is doing here, I cannot imagine, for there is no prize for which he could compete. Indeed, he serves no common uses, and was grown neither for the kitchen nor the drawing-room. He is to the garden what Falstaff is to the drama of 'Henry IV.' He is its comic poetry, and he has given me more pleasure than any other vegetable or fruit, not excepting those rounded maidens, Rubens creatures, that are the darlings of Quince's heart, the Ailsa Craigs. If ever I visited the kitchen-garden, it was to see George the pumpkin, to mark his ever-increasing girth, to admire his golden and rotund magnificence, to give him an affectionate slap. Can you wonder that such a one figures in a fairy-tale? Quince must have brought him down here because he felt obscurely that the garden should be also represented by its great comic character. Let us give pumpkin George a farewell slap.

Quince is still in the first marquee, trying—for he is a good modest fellow—not to look too like a man who has broken a long record for the onion prize. But he cannot disguise the fact that he is the happiest man at the show. His father is with him now, a very ancient retired gardener, who looks as if he had grown out of the earth, like a grand old tree. He puffs at his short pipe and pretends to philosophic calm, but you can see that he too is rejoicing over the great onion victory. Quince's brother is here too, the signalman, very brisk and natty in a blue serge suit, and seeming to belong to a later (and perhaps less enduring) civilization than the other Quinces. He tries to make fun of the whole thing, this man of machines, but I know that he was helping Quince all morning and really has the cause at heart. The small son and the smaller daughter of Quince

are here too (one got a prize for a mat and the other for a copybook page—it has been a great day), and keep pushing their apple cheeks, which ought to have had prizes too, as close as they can to their father's sleeve. I am positive that Quince will not leave this marquee until the end of the day, that he will be the last man in it. Here is the scene of his triumphs, and here he remains. I congratulate him again on the onion victory. "They shouldn't ha' talked at me," he says; and I foresee his having a triumphant pint or two to-night at the 'Duck and Drake,' where they thought he could not grow Ailsa Craigs. There is nothing more for us to do now. The fifteen men from Plumborough are proclaiming, through their instruments, that they are "Less than the du-ust beneath (pom-pom) his chariot whee-eel," but they do not proclaim it with much conviction, except the drummer, who is coming into his own in this riot of Oriental passion. As we wander down the road we can still hear him tom-tomming, and we leave the day to him and Quince.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him by the first post on Wednesday.

### LORD CECIL AND GENEVA

SIR,—Surely it is possible to make too much fuss about Lord Cecil's resignation. The interests of peace are permanent and enduring. The world will not go to war again because of a trivial misunderstanding between the English-speaking peoples; nor will the League of Nations fall to pieces because of the defection of one earnest and eager statesman. Americans know very well that we must protect our trade. We might starve if we did not. Even if some transatlantic jingo did pass round the slogan, "Watch England," yet the Americans are sensible people and will neither squander their own money upon Chauvinism nor grudge our spending ours upon insurance.

I am, etc.,

C. POYNTZ SANDERSON,

Hon. C.F.

Emsworth, Hants

### LORD GREY ON LIBERALISM

SIR,—As an old Liberal, who has always had a profound respect for Lord Grey, I am frankly depressed by his Bedford speech of September 1. The only adjectives to describe it are: thin, colourless, negative. It seems to herald his Lordship's political "minimification"—a horrid word no doubt, coined by Mr. H. G. Wells, but conveniently descriptive of Lord Grey's attitude to current events, with which he seems daily to be drifting out of touch.

His Lordship professes to see the tide flowing in favour of Liberalism. What Liberalism? Is it the half-baked bureaucratic Socialism advocated by that left-wing section of so-called Liberals, to whom Lord Grey is notoriously antipathetic, or is it the untranslatable doctrine of the extreme right wing of obsolescent Whiggism, representatives of which are still to be found in the new "Liberal Council," of which his Lordship is head, between which and the other section which controls the funds and pulls the wires, there is a great gulf fixed? Modern propagandist Liberalism has sometimes been charged—evidently with some justifica-

tion—with picking out what seem to be the "attractive" items in the Conservative and Socialist policies, compounding them into a kind of parti-coloured jelly and offering this to the electors as the panacea for all our troubles—urban and rural, national, imperial and international. These vote-cadging methods and appeals to cupidity are historically "illiberal."

Naturally Lord Grey dealt largely with international affairs. A significant omission was any reference to our Commonwealth and its protection and development. But his Lordship's appreciation of domestic difficulties is so slight that he dismisses the Trade Unions Act in a few superficial sentences. One must charitably suppose that his information about the Act is not firsthand. The Trade Unions Act is a measure of reform and liberation. And as for international peace, has the Government any cause to hang its head? Was there no Conservative co-operation at Locarno, in the settlement with Turkey? The fact is that Conservatism is now the most efficient party of progress on broad, humane, individualistic lines.

I am, etc.,

J. LESLIE MACCALLUM

Oakleigh, Boswell Road, Leith

#### PRAYER BOOK REVISION

SIR,—There appeared a few days ago in the columns of *The Times* an appeal signed by several distinguished leaders of the League of Loyalty and Order, calling for support of the Prayer Book Measure on the ground that its rejection will have grave consequences. But to the large body of the laity who oppose it, the prospect of the new Prayer Book being accepted by Parliament prevents the probability of consequences far graver to the stability of the Church. The appeal calling for support of the measure puts forward three points on which in the opinion of the signatories there is widespread ignorance or misapprehension.

1. On the question of doctrine the appeal quotes a passage from the preface to the new Book which is designed to allay a widespread uneasiness at the legalization of Reservation for the Communion of the Sick with an assurance that no change of doctrine is meant thereby nor is it intended that the Sacrament be used otherwise than as Our Lord intended. The considered opinion of the Archbishop of Canterbury is also quoted, in which His Grace declares that the suggested alterations make no change in the doctrinal position of the Church of England.

The ordinary lay mind finds it a matter of considerable difficulty to understand how these statements are to be reconciled with facts. The 28th Article of Religion states with definite lucidity that "The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up or worshipped." These words are incapable of any construction other than that reservation and adoration of the Sacrament are not in accordance with Christ's teaching; a new service which permits such reservation must therefore necessarily be a change in doctrine.

2. The second point stressed by the appeal is the hope of return to order in the Church. But the indiscipline to the eradication of which the new Prayer Book is directed, consisted in the clergy of the Anglo-Catholic party wearing sacrificial vestments during Communion Service reserving the Sacrament in aumbries and otherwise indulging in Roman Catholic practices in defiance of the Laws of the Church which on admission to the Priesthood they had undertaken to obey.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and many of the Bishops had permitted reservation of the Sacrament for purposes of adoration. To the ordinary lay mind it is an anomalous position that the section of the Church which has created a condition of indiscipline and chaos by its defiance of the laws of the Church, should complain of that state of disorder and use it as a lever to revise the Prayer Book against the wishes

of a large minority who have remained loyal to those laws, so as to restore order and discipline by legalizing the practices which have brought about the state of chaos.

The new Prayer Book is admittedly a compromise which is not accepted as final by the Anglo-Catholic party. The significance of the Malines Conferences or Conversations cannot be disregarded.

Should the Prayer Book Measure become law, a very serious advance will have been made by the Anglo-Catholic party in their efforts at undermining the work of the Reformation. To these efforts continued with equal success there can be but one end, the total collapse of the Church of England and the absorption of its ruins in the Church of Rome. Those of us who live in Roman Catholic countries hear that view frequently expressed both by Roman Catholic priests and Roman Catholic laymen, who are following the Prayer Book controversy with interest and satisfaction.

This is the danger which is realized by a large body of Churchmen who view with profound disquiet the passing of a measure which they feel will be but the beginning of the end for the Church of England. The new Prayer Book is a compromise, an attempt to reconcile two parties that are irreconcilable. Any effort to re-establish peace in the Church by a compromise on truth is foredoomed to failure.

I am, etc.,

MAURICE B. BLAKE

Calvi, Corsica

[Our correspondent holds that the two parties in the Church are "irreconcilable." Does he suppose that leaving things as they are is more likely to promote concord than the compromise agreed upon by all the Bishops except four? He admits that he and those who think with him are in a minority; how does he suppose that the interests of unity or the dictates of loyalty are to be served by an attempt to force a minority view on a majority?—ED. S.R.]

#### THE MELANCHOLY OF PROFESSOR FREUD

SIR,—Will you allow me to comment briefly on the article which appears in the last issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, under the heading 'The Melancholy of Professor Freud'?

Your contributor who, as he tells us, received his inspiration from a report by an American journalist of an interview with Professor Freud, has been impressed by the sombre and fatalistic attitude of mind revealed by the professor in the course of the interview. This he readily imputes to a conviction on the part of Freud that his life-work has been a failure, and he pictures him as sunk into a condition of permanent depression; his life embittered and his spirit broken through contemplation of the sterility of his endeavours. He has said that the "Steinbach" (Steinach?) operation makes life more liveable. It does not make it more worth living. That he is more interested in the fate of his children than in the question as to whether his name will or will not live after him. That he prefers the society of animals to that of human beings. All this is taken as evidence of a realization by Freud that he is not, after all, "the world's greatest benefactor." Neither, it is suggested, has he succeeded in benefiting himself through the improvement of his psychological condition. In the words of your correspondent, "Professor Freud is clearly not in a very healthy state of mind." "His depressing outlook upon life suggests the presence of some neurosis or unpleasant complex."

I do not wish to dwell upon the fact that your contributor seems to be entirely ignorant of the immense and undisputed benefits of the analytic treatment in cases of neurosis, the epoch-making way in which it has revolutionized the practice of psycho-therapy (he clearly adheres to the popular conception of psycho-analysis as a kind of mental chessboard provided for the amusement of neurotics so that they may play



dangerous games with their own emotions) as it is not my purpose to defend psycho-analysis, but only to defend a man of undoubted genius against a natural though an unjust attack; natural, because it certainly does seem odd that a man whose work has gained world-wide recognition should lapse into gloom in his later years: unjust, because it is surely made in ignorance of a significant fact. May I venture to suggest that the mood of depression in which the American reporter found Professor Freud was subjective in the most literal sense, since we are all, however philosophical of mind, subject to the remorseless domination of our physical condition? We are told that there is a parasite which devours the human brain, turning a thinking being into a helpless imbecile; at the other end of the scale we are all familiar with the depressing effects of a bad cold upon normal good spirits. There is a disease, insidious and horrible, against which at the present time is being waged a desperate and, so far, a hopeless battle—a disease which rots the body and, in the process, casts a cloud over the mind. May not a sufferer from cancer, great man though he be, be spared the accusation of a conviction of failure in his life-work because from time to time, feeling himself in the grip of the enemy, he sighs aloud?

I am, etc.,  
L. DE RIF

101 Adelaide Road, N.W.3

#### GOING BY ROAD

SIR,—May I thank you for your article of last week? But in one particular I must flatly disagree with you—though I confirm your general conclusion. You say: "It is quite true that the average pedestrian is careless." On my coming to London nearly three years ago, after an absence of fifteen years, the one thing I was greatly struck by was the pace and weight and recklessness of driving of motor traffic and the fact that it had got on the nerves of pedestrians, by the way they hopped, skipped or jumped or ran across the road, and the anxiety they showed to prevent one from being run over.

I am, etc.,  
"OBSERVER"

#### GOING BY TRAIN

SIR,—I came across a signal example of the lack of enterprise and the illogicality of the railway companies this week-end. As you are doubtless aware, the companies issue week-end tickets from London to most stations in the country at a single fare and a third. These entitle the holder to make the journey by any train on Saturday or after 5 p.m. on Friday, and to return by any train on Sunday or Monday. Wishing to travel to Lewes last Sunday and return the following day, I asked at Victoria for a cheap ticket. *I learnt that week-end tickets are not issued on Sundays, and I had to pay the full fare.*

Is there any sense whatever in this? It would be interesting to learn how many would-be passengers are lost to the railway companies per year by this ridiculous rule.

I am, etc.,  
JAMES WILSON

Coram Street, W.C.1

#### STAG-HUNTING

SIR,—May I trespass further on your columns in order to reply again to Mr. Tremlett? Mr. Tremlett considers that there are only two practicable alternatives—stag-hunting or extermination. I briefly outline below a scheme that I consider would be a practicable one for the preservation of the Exmoor deer without the "necessary corollary" of stag-hunting.

As I am not a "sportsman," the proposed scheme may have flaws not apparent to me. If so, perhaps Mr. Tremlett will be good enough to indicate them.

*Proposed Scheme:* The Government to take over the deer on behalf of the nation, or if, unfortunately, that be impracticable at present on account of the state of the national finances, a society to be formed for the purpose, and financed, by opponents of stag-hunting, etc. I believe and trust that they could be relied upon for the necessary support.

The Government, or substitutional society, to arrange for periodical round-ups (possibly only one a year would be necessary) in lieu of the present frequent hunts. Men to be employed for the purpose who could, within reason, be relied upon to kill, not merely to wound. The round-ups to be for the purpose of killing a pre-arranged number of animals.

It does not seem to me that there would be any more difficulty with such round-ups on account of sheep and ponies, than there is at present with the hunts.

With the scheme outlined above, the question of fining would not arise. Compensation to be paid by the Government or substitutional society, instead of by the hunt as at present.

I am, etc.,  
H. S. BRIGGS

The Rowans, 49 Priory Road,  
Hampton, Middlesex

SIR,—Surely it is amazing that people such as your correspondent, Mr. H. S. Briggs, do not go down to Exmoor and study stag-hunting for themselves before launching their criticisms.

Mr. Briggs, for instance, doubts whether stalking is not possible there. Why not first study the art of stalking and then see if it can be applied to the Devon and Somerset terrain. And does Mr. Briggs really imagine that Exmoor is no bigger than Richmond or Windsor Parks, and that the deer on it can be rounded-up in one corner, and selected animals shot at close range? It seems incredible that he or anyone else can be so ignorant in these days.

Like so many so-called "humanitarians," Mr. Briggs is quite prepared for—would prefer, in fact—the extermination of the wild red deer rather than acquiesce in the only *practical* method of not only keeping their numbers within reasonable bounds (for the deer do an enormous amount of damage to crops) but also of preserving the quality of the species, which would deteriorate if a judicious "thinning out" were not practised.

Mr. Briggs says he is an "opponent" of stag-hunting. But how can anyone be a genuine "opponent" of anything of which he knows nothing? Mr. Briggs means, in all probability, that he dislikes what he has read about stag-hunting, without troubling to verify the facts. But, surely, this is the merest prejudice?

I am, etc.,  
W. P. KÖE,

#### THE SCHOOLING OF POLO PONIES

SIR,—I hope you will find room for a brief reply to the review of 'Bridle-Wise,' in your issue of August 6.

I can assure you that far from setting "an impossibly high standard" I scrupulously practice what I preach, and I only preach what I practice. I have five young horses going through their schooling at the moment on the exact lines I lay down in 'Bridle-Wise.' I carefully avoid throughout my book saying anything about the game of polo; this is a matter for others of greater skill, but what I maintain is that while polo tactics are not difficult to learn in theory they are difficult to carry out in practice except by a

good rider on a well-schooled pony, and someone has to do this schooling.

My book is a description of what I have found the quickest and the most permanent method. If a player is wealthy enough to be able to buy a finished pony whenever he sees one to suit him, and to replace any that are spoiled, he can perhaps afford to ignore schooling in all its phases, although I maintain that no pony will suit him so well as the one in whose education he has had some part. But, as I said before, someone has to do the schooling and it is to help these less fortunately placed folk that my book is written.

I am, etc.,

SIDNEY G. GOLDSCHMIDT,  
Lieut.-Col.

### P's AND Q's

SIR,—In editing Thomas Porter's play, 'The Carnival' (1664), I have stumbled against two phrases of which I have been unable to trace any meaning, although I have consulted many authorities. I should be extremely obliged if you could help me in this matter through the medium of your journal. They are:

Act IV. Sc. 1, p. 47, lines 14-15: *Enter Quintagona like a Hollandt's woman, upon a Broom.*

Act IV. Sc. 1, p. 47, line 12: "Gingle a wimbleton rid on a Mare."

BOAN THAL

SIR,—I am engaged upon a new edition of the Journal of Thomas Raikes (1777-1848), the banker and dandy, the friend of Brummell and the correspondent of Wellington, which was published in 1856-7.

I crave the hospitality of your columns to allow me to ask if any of your readers can tell me of the whereabouts of the manuscript of the Journal and of any unpublished letters written by or to Raikes.

I am, etc.,

LEWIS MELVILLE

### BROTHER JONATHAN

SIR,—In the American War of Independence, Washington, being in want of supplies for the army and having unbounded confidence in his friend Jonathan Trumbull, governor of Connecticut, said: "We must consult brother Jonathan." Brother Jonathan was consulted on all occasions by Washington and the phrase became popular, which led to its appropriation as the national name of the Americans as a people.

M. PORRITT

SIR,—In reply to Winifred Stock, August 27, "We must consult Brother Jonathan" was a remark said to have been frequently made by George Washington (1732-99) in reference to his Secretary and Aide-de-Camp, Col. Jonathan Trumbull, of Connecticut. See 'Who Said That?' Ed. Edward Latham.

MURIEL HAMILTON-SCOTT

### A BAKER'S DOZEN

SIR,—Your correspondent, T. G. Quorn, asks in your issue of August 6, what is the origin of the expression "a baker's dozen." I have been an exile for twenty-seven years and he makes me feel terribly old.

When I was a small boy, if you asked for a dozen halfpenny or penny buns, you always got thirteen. I can believe the trade custom has changed, but I cannot understand how anybody in England should need to inquire of you the origin of the expression—one took it for granted.

C. L. WISE

## THE THEATRE THE STRONG STUFF

BY IVOR BROWN

*The Wolves.* Adapted by John Protheroe from the French of Georges Toudouze. The New Theatre.

*Seventh Heaven.* By Austin Strong. The Strand Theatre.

THE discovery of the Elephant and Castle by the West End and the rush to the Red Barn of those more accustomed to the Blue Train may be a sign of the times. The sheikhs we have always with us, but the houri and the horse-whip have been the constant fascination of the million rather than the delight of the modish. For the latter a judicious blend of epicene and epigram has recently proved a better bait. But this autumn's plays have brought back to Shaftesbury Avenue and thereabouts the policy of force without stint. Great strength, it seems, may yet return the penny and the managers will be running round the agencies in search of young heroes of a robust raptorial quality. The juvenile lead, who has for some time been encouraged to consider the nice conduct of a cocktail-shaker as the first of his professional accomplishments, may be called upon to polish up his cutlass, take a turn or two at throwing the dagger, and learn to toss the heroine as Highlanders the caber.

'The Wolves,' for instance, abounds in that unnatural creature who is sometimes called the natural man. The company collected in Job's hut in Greenland are as little gentle as any team that ever cut a throat above a hidden treasure. When I was a boy my guide to the Wild North-West was R. M. Ballantyne and, if I remember rightly, saintliness was not forgotten amid the ice-floes and the pemmican. The young fur-traders of my reading fought Nature, not each other, and were certainly not likely to forget their manners in the presence of a lady. Far otherwise, alas, did Job's gang of trappers conduct themselves when Kitty Macdonald was washed up upon the beach below their place of business and bar-parlour. The presence of the lady roused wolfish passions and the second act of this vociferous play is a resolute celebration of lupercalia. Kitty is so much precious flotsam to them and for flotsam, according to the rules of this incorporated society of expatriated criminals, the lot must be cast. The curtain of the second act falls upon the human wolfpack howling over the ticket which will present the blessed one with his lottery lady. To the American devotee of the hundred-per-cent. red-blooded he-man this exemplary male is made manifest in mass-formation. This, I take it, is what American managers so charmingly call "a wow."

There has been much criticism directed recently to the mumbling of the modern actor. To those distressed by his quietude I confidently recommend this piece. The player is no whispering zephyr here: Boreas, who blows o'er Greenland's icy mountains and far from icy colonists, roars and re-echoes in the lungs of every desperado. Some plays are advertised as "a continuous scream"; this one might fitly be boomed as a continuous bellow. Nor are its attractions purely those of violence and vocalism. Rum is swilled, pistols are levelled, knives are thrown, feminine virtue is fiendishly menaced and heroically saved, and, while the tumult and shouting dies, we know that the only public-school man upon the frozen foreshore has recovered his self-respect. And what, compared with such a victory, is the loss of a lottery lady?

'The Wolves' is produced, as it ought to be produced, with the utmost concentration of fire. We need no longer believe that the craft of "putting over" a play of this kind is a monopoly of New York. The



hand that conducted this elemental sonata was not long ago composing essays in Balliol College, Oxford, and if Mr. Raymond Massey was half as good a pupil as he is a producer, he must have been the darling of the dons. It is true that he has an admirable cast. Mr. Sam Livesey can act in many surroundings; Log Cabin or White House are all four boards to him. This time it is his shack-side manner that is needed and he is going great guns all the time. Mr. Malcolm Keen contributes a picturesque impression of a trapper who would be as much at home in Sinister Street as in Hudson Bay and the tenantry of Job's rough house are nicely diversified types. Mr. Lawrence Anderson, as the little gentleman of the party, has to act instead of roaring and does it well. Miss Olga Lindo, as the lady faint but pursued, is easily able to tackle a simple part and Miss Betty Bolton cleverly mimes the Eskimo girl who, lacking the gift of tongues and being obliged to kill only with her hands and not also with her mouth, provides some moments of quiet drama amid this oathful, resonant, and extremely efficient entertainment.

'The Wolves' is all violence. 'Seventh Heaven' mingles sweetness with strength, to me an insupportable mixture. But not to the gallery. The hysterical raptures in the roofward seats on the first night of this piece were as terrifying as they were when the appearance of Miss Pauline Frederick turned the Lyceum into a madhouse. The hero as sewer-man rescues from the Parisian gutter a fallen lady of noble birth; but he does not love her; he only pities. So the rescued lady must win his love, a task to which she applies herself with a husky American voice, unbounded animation, and enough theatrical charm to make the average man fly for his life. As we are only in the second act, when the sewer-man, now promoted to the hose-pipe, seems likely to become a model husband, something has to turn up. The Great War obliges. Russia mobilizes and the hero is torn from his lady's arms at the call of war. Four years elapse and the lady is still waiting; hero is reported dead; then hero returns blinded but amorous. Mr. Austin Strong evidently knows all about it. For he has flavoured this substantial sweet-meat with absinthe, screamings, thievings, arrests, whippings, Higher Thought, and advocacy of a belief in God. The playgoer gets his money's worth. The end of the second act is terrific. The fallen lady had been beaten in the past by an elder sister who dances through her life with an absinthe bottle in one hand and a formidable implement of flagellation in the other. But now the fallen lady believes that she has Power; uplift applies to arm as well as to soul and with raised hand she falls upon the drug-sodden flagellant and whacks her round the stage. This may be said to reduce the dramatic conflict to its most elemental form; but at least, amid the general atmosphere of hearty Deism and still more hearty drubbings, one could lean back and congratulate the author. How Strong, Oh Lord, how Strong!

The part of the heroine was played by an American actress, Miss Helen Menken. She enchanted the gallery by what I shall tactfully call her refusal to under-act. To me she seemed to be making use of the kinema technique, playing straight at the house, relying more upon facial play than on subtlety of voice, and using gesture vividly. No doubt that is what a film-fed public now wants on the stage of the spoken word and Miss Menken's method lacks nothing in energy. Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore, as She Who Gets Slapped, proves the possibility of acting under battery and Mr. Godfrey Tearle presents the heroic sewer-man with a touch of beloved vagabondage and a gentle suggestion that he knows nonsense to be nonsense. The producer, Mr. Power, is an apt colleague for Mr. Strong. And now why shouldn't London be given a play for adults? The present season (Strindberg excepted) is just one bit of child's play after another.

## ART

## MODERN FRENCH ETCHING

BY CAMPBELL DODGSON

NEXT month the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris will offer hospitality to a large and representative collection, about four hundred in number, of original prints by modern English engravers. It will be the counterpart of the fine exhibition of modern French prints held during the summer of 1927 at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Not so many visitors as the occasion demanded profited by this opportunity of becoming acquainted with the modern French school of engraving. As one of the promoters of the exhibition, I felt bound to contest the justice of a remark made to me some months ago in Paris: "On dit que les Londoniens ne fréquentent pas ce musée." But I cannot, now that it is over, disavow that I was reminded, on more than one of my visits, of an eminent politician's nickname for the Museum in question, "the vasty halls of death." In a hall, not only "vasty," but remote from any entrance, the intrepid explorer could discern from the far end of a corridor little black patches upon large white ones, which resolved themselves, on a nearer approach, into several hundreds of the best French prints of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, arranged round the walls, and on screens projecting from the walls, of a huge square room not too well adapted for the display of objects so small. In a truly representative selection, such as Paris itself, I am assured, has never witnessed, the older etchers and lithographers who survived into the present century, such as Degas, Pissarro, Rodin, Redon, Toulouse-Lautrec, Carrière, Renoir, Steinlen, Bracquemond, Lepère (Legros had been unaccountably forgotten), mingled with representatives, chosen in a most catholic spirit, of every tendency among the engravers of to-day, from veterans such as MM. Besnard, Chéret and Forain, down to the latest and most audacious of the Peintres-Graveurs Indépendants.

I tried to find out from English artists what they thought of it all. Some were greatly pleased; some did not, and would not, go to see the exhibition. "The French have never had a good etcher since Meryon," was an utterance of one of these. I venture to think that he ought to have given himself a chance of revising this opinion. An etcher whom I met one day in the gallery was evidently baffled. "Their outlook is so different," he said. They have many outlooks, it is true, and most of them are very different indeed from my friend's outlook on the Thames and its shipping, its wharves and warehouses, Corfe Castle, the bridges of Toledo, and the rest of the too familiar repertory of himself and a dozen like him. It is true that there are etchers just of the same type in France, who are fostered by some of the more conservative dealers, and pursue a successful career, finding favour with many collectors and being sometimes honoured, while still hard at work, with elaborate illustrated catalogues. MM. Beaufrère, Béjot, Beurdeley, Latenay, P. Moreau and Leheutre are of this type, and I should class with them M. Jean Frélaut, a good friend of the other Breton who heads the list, though I am aware that he is singled out from the rest by the unaccountable favour of "advanced" critics. These men are all closely akin to the average English landscape etcher and produce the same kind of neat and pretty plates, good in technique, reasonably priced and free from eccentricity, which give a perfectly legitimate pleasure to the average man who "knows what he likes."

But this kind of etching is not, to use a significant French epithet, "personnel." It has existed, it has persisted, since the early days of the French revival

of original etching under the patronage of Cadart and Burty. But the etchings of the modern French school which really count, and must be reckoned with in a general estimate of French art, are of a very different type. Not content with sitting down to draw a picturesque or romantic object, some "place of historic interest or natural beauty" (to quote from the programme of our own admirable National Trust), the French artist, far more frequently than his English colleague, creates with his own imagination beauty and interest that are new, subjects that never existed till he invented them, and, as all new things are bound to do, sometimes repel, rather than attract, the eye and intellect that lag behind the artist's own and follow only after some delay and hesitation his lead. Such inventors and innovators were Degas and Pissarro (both aided in their acquisition of the rudiments of technique, but in little else, by Bracquemond), and Manet, though many of his subjects came to him first as paintings of which he was himself the unconventional reproductive etcher. Such was Rodin, that great master of the dry-point; such are M. Forain, master of pathos, awe and satire, and M. Besnard, who etches with a technique sometimes akin to that of Zorn, subjects intensely felt and full of drama like those of the two wonderful series, 'Elle' and 'La Femme.'

And in the work of the younger etchers, of the generation still active, there is no lack of invention and enterprise. It will not all live, but there is plenty of life in much of it. There is absurdity, there is pose, there is sometimes a too obvious deficiency in technical knowledge, but at least there is evidence of wit and intellect, and a complete absence of that solemn allegorizing and heaviness of hand which characterize the Germans, when they do not fall into the opposite extreme and produce laborious imitations of French "expressionism" which they fondly imagine to be up to date. Among the etchers and engravers now in their prime, I may mention two who seem to me to have definitely stepped into the foremost rank, and who, I am glad to find, have already many admirers in England: M. Dunoyer de Segonzac, whose light and sensitive touch is equally happy with figure subjects and with landscape, and M. J.-E. Laboureur, who, abandoning aquafortis, with which he achieved his earlier successes, has now contrived a novel use, peculiarly his own, of the burin. His deliberate distortion of the figure, his violation of perspective, his selection of some details and omission of others in a landscape, a building or a dress, appear to some lovers of convention capricious and perverse. Their dislike is intelligible and I do not blame it; his art is not for everyone. But it is real art, and he is a real master of his tools.

## MUSIC

### SEPTEMBER GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE records issued this month by the Gramophone Company are not many in number, but their quality is superb. What gave me the greatest pleasure was the performance of Wagner's 'Rienzi' Overture by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski. The work is not one for which I greatly care, and I put the record on as in duty bound. But at the first entry of the strings I began to take notice. The firmness of the tone, the wonderful modelling of the phrases, the infinite subtlety of the gradations are such as we never hear in London, with our scanty rehearsals and changing conductors. This record should show Englishmen what orchestral playing ought to be, and perhaps that may be the first step towards arousing them from their attitude of *laissez faire*. There are

several other Wagner records this month. The fourth side of the 'Rienzi' Overture is occupied by a splendid performance of the last bars of 'Götterdämmerung,' but this does not make a good excerpt, and one must regretfully admit that Wagner did not quite manage to perform the superhuman feat of rising to the occasion. Siegfried Wagner has recorded the 'Lohengrin' Prelude for the same company with the London Symphony Orchestra. We are glad that he chose this piece. For it goes forward in a straight line, and comes to little or no harm under the unimaginative guidance of the composer's son. Even so, we could do with more flexibility in the phrasing. Bruno Walter, with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, has recorded the Vennsberg music from 'Tannhäuser' for Columbia. These records are not free from an unpleasant jarring.

The best of the Columbia records is that of Purcell's Trumpet Voluntary, conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty. This is a brilliant reproduction of a fine performance. Sir Henry Wood adds Saint-Saëns's 'Danse Macabre' to the list of his recordings for the same company, while Dame Clara Butt indulges once more in singing 'Rule Britannia!' and 'Land of Hope and Glory' with a large chorus. In emulation of their chief rivals, Columbia have produced a record of Mendelssohn's 'Hear my Prayer,' but they have not been so fortunate in their boy soprano.

The operatic records are numerous. Gigli adds two airs by Puccini to his gramophone repertory, and sings them well (H.M.V.). Columbia produces an excellent French tenor, M. G. Thill, who sings the Flower Song from 'Carmen' better than most others, and the Cavatina from 'Romeo et Juliette' only a little less well. The same company has also recorded two excerpts from Verdi's 'Un Ballo in Maschera.' It is time this work was restored to the Covent Garden repertory, but one hopes to hear it better sung than on these records. Columbia's most ambitious effort is the recording of a performance of 'Pagliacci' by the B.N.O.C. under Eugene Goossens, Senr. The opera is given complete, but for two short cuts. It is a good all-round performance such as we expect from the company, with Harold Williams standing out above the rest as Tonio. His diction is clear and sounds like English, which is not always the impression given by some of the others. Mr. Mullings's voice sounds atrocious on the gramophone, yet he is on the stage one of our finest artists. Indeed, despite certain obvious faults, he gets nearer to the heart of Tristan and Otello than any other I have heard. But he ought not to record. Mr. Heddle Nash and Mr. Dennis Noble put in some good work as Beppe and Silvio.

Among the instrumental records, the most notable are those of Bach's Italian Concerto and three short dance-movements played on the harpsichord by Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse (H.M.V.). The instrument is well reproduced, and the performances, if a little affected at times, are those of a good musician. Pablo Casals has again recorded two trifles; one wishes he would give us some of Bach's unaccompanied music, in which he alone is completely satisfying. H.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—80

SET BY IVOR BROWN

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an extract from a long poem in the style of Mr. John Masefield, entitled 'Electro the Hare.' Extracts should not exceed 25 lines.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a description in 300 words of the final round of the World Golf



*Championship for Boys under Ten.* The scene is Grand Gushers Country Club, the finalists are Master Washington K. Vanderputter, of Oklahoma, and Master Bill Driver, of England, and the spirit is that which appears to have animated some competitors in the recent Boys' Championship at Edinburgh. Descriptions may be written either in English or American.

## RULES

- i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week, LITERARY 80A, or LITERARY 80B).
- ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.
- iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.
- iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, September 19, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 78

SET BY T. EARLE WELBY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a reply in sonnet form by the Dark Lady to Shakespeare's inquiry, "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" The reply should take note of every point made by the poet.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an excerpt from the cross-examination of Mother Hubbard on a charge brought against her by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

We have received the following report from Mr. T. Earle Welby, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

## REPORT FROM MR. WELBY

78A. There was a catch in this competition, and though I did not propose to judge entries mainly with reference to competitors' perception of it, I did intend to allow an extra mark or two to those competitors who perceived it, and rather more to those who utilized the opportunity given them. Alas! only three have so much as discerned my crude enough trap, and two of these have contented themselves with recording its existence.

P. R. remarks that Shakespeare's sonnet is "usually supposed to have been addressed to 'a fair young man,'" and A. E. M. has a note to the effect that the sonnet "does not belong to the 'Dark Woman' series," but both, whether in a charitable endeavour to humour my assumed ignorance or for some other reason, write without an eye to the opening afforded them. Issachar, on the other hand, seizes the opportunity with firmness, and has produced quite an effective reply as from a woman who knows the sonnet was not written to her.

Among other more or less meritorious efforts I may mention H. C. M.'s, which is direct and shows some skill in employment of Shakespearean phrases, but

lacks salt; T. E. Casson's, which is rather ingenious in playing on words, but hardly plausible as coming from the Dark Lady, unless she, as well as the friend, sat at the elbow of George Chapman; James Hall's, which has a rather good conceit of sun and moon:

So long as I, though dark, reflect thy ray,  
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day—

but does not satisfy the condition of taking note of every point made by Shakespeare in his sonnet; S. D. Charles's, for one or two good phrases and a neat conclusion:

So long as men are blind, and women see,  
So long lives this, that says farewell to thee;

and Muriel Malvern's, which is creditable to a competitor aged sixteen.

The first prize is won easily by Issachar. I am not very happy about the second prize, but on the whole think it should go to P. R. His last line is poor. The sonnets by these competitors are printed below:

## FIRST PRIZE

Compare him, then, with summer and with May;  
Give him more fair, and, coxcomb-like, rehearse  
How when the night has swallowed up his day  
He'll cheat death, living deathless in thy verse.  
Temperate, lovely, fit to be beloved;  
Cudgel thy wits for praises still untold.  
Extol his faith that never yet was proved.  
And mock my black in doting on his gold.  
Poet, thy song shall have another ending,  
When, thyself prisoned, then thyself shalt see  
Bankrupt of love by thine unthrifty spending  
And him thou lovest captive ta'en by me,  
His radiant noon in bondage to my dusk,  
Mine his faith's kernel, thine the bitter husk.

ISSACHAR

## SECOND PRIZE

Say not that ought of good or fair is mine:  
I am not good to know nor fair to view:  
My darkness cannot from a fair decline,  
Since that quick-passing fair it never knew—  
The glory of the golden sun grows weak,  
But night behind him reigns eternally:  
The dark in face fears not a waning cheek,  
The dark in soul commandeth destiny.  
A fate I am to thee and to thy muse,  
But not through beauty of the face that fades:  
The power that is myself, I cannot lose,  
But bear it with me, to enrich the shades.  
Why sayest thou then, thy verse gives life  
to me,  
When I it kindled to eternity?

P. R.

78B. The average of entries here was disappointing. Most competitors managed to work in at least one tolerable joke, but very few had any idea of reproducing judicial nescience about matters of common knowledge or of parodying the art of the cross-examiner. Almost all were much too wordy. As they were asked for no more than an excerpt, there was nothing to prevent them from getting at once to the heart of the matter, but for the most part they dallied over dull preliminaries. Incidentally, they missed the chance of reporting the case in the manner of those papers which are dearest to the heart of the public.

Reluctant as I am to have competitors fare as the dog did, I cannot conscientiously recommend any award of prizes. The best of a poor lot of entries are those submitted by W. Thompson, C. J. Gray, G. M. Graham, Doris Elles, and Scott Campbell. Each achieved a jest or two, but these are Literary Competitions, and some grace of style, some distinction in folly, are expected of competitors.

## BACK NUMBERS—XL

WE are back, it seems, where we were in 1859; at least, some of us, and those not fools in other respects. The Bishop of Ripon and others have taken up position "on the side of the angels," and, even in papers not given to "stunting," space is being afforded to persons of some repute anxious to disclaim simian ancestry. Evolution—well, evolution is a slow process, with, it would appear, relapses: a section of the pious have not evolved sense enough and imagination enough to perceive that Darwinism is not destructive of religion. I will not say the SATURDAY REVIEW stands, in this matter, exactly where it stood in 1859, but I find no reason to blush for what some predecessor of mine wrote when reviewing 'On the Origin of Species' and some other predecessor when reviewing, eleven years later, 'The Descent of Man.'

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Both reviews were critical; Darwin's theories were not swallowed meekly and whole; but the great merits of his researches were frankly acknowledged, his extraordinary skill in ordering his immense mass of material was cordially praised, and where certainty could not be admitted a high degree of plausibility was conceded. Darwin was described by the SATURDAY in 1859 as one who had long been known to it as a scientist superior to the author of his earlier writings. 'On the Origin of Species' was received as a work destined to effect "a complete revolution in the fundamental doctrines of natural history." It was added that, far more than the once notorious but by then already discredited anonymous 'Vestiges of Creation,' his book trenchanted "the territories of established religious faith." But the Saturday Reviewer sensibly declined to share the anxieties of the pious, refused to discuss the book on any but purely scientific grounds. What else could a rational person do? For Darwin assuredly did not profess to account for more than processes, made no claim to have discovered the prime cause of human or other life on this planet, offered no *ex cathedra* opinion on human survival of death.

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Darwin, it was seen by the Saturday Reviewer, worked "within the proper domain of natural science," and to such a worker no liberty should be refused. "We know that there are limits which human liberty is unable to overpass, but we believe that those limits will be more surely ascertained and fixed by the right use of reason itself than by the edict of an external authority." Proceeding to a statement of Darwin's theory, the reviewer summed it up much as follows: All organic beings are liable to vary in some degree, and tend to transmit such variations to their offspring. Whatever variation occurring among the individuals of any species of animals or plants is in any way advantageous in the struggle for existence will give to those individuals an advantage over their fellows which will be inherited by their offspring until the modified variety supplants the parent species. This process, which is natural selection, is incessantly at work, and all organized beings are undergoing its operation. By the steady accumulation of slight differences, over immensely long periods of time, arise the various modifications of structure by which the countless forms of animal and vegetable life are distinguished from each other. Analogy, though this Darwin admitted to be a somewhat treacherous guide, would lead him to infer that all the organic beings which

have ever lived on this planet have descended from some one primordial form.

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The reviewer, full as he was of admiration for the patience, learning and resource of Darwin, said he remained unconvinced. In the original statement of the theory there were certain obvious weaknesses, and despite some previous and contemporary work the minds of even the most independent thinkers were inadequately prepared for such teachings as Darwin's. The position was quite other in 1871, when the SATURDAY reviewed 'The Descent of Man.'

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By then the work of Boucher de Perthes, Sir Charles Lyell and others had familiarized thoughtful inquirers with the idea of the extreme antiquity of man; Huxley had done the very finest kind of popularization for Darwinism, besides making his own contributions to the study of evolution; Haeckel had been read; Mivart had published 'The Genesis of Species'; Wallace had been active in supplementary research; the theological opposition had weakened here and been silenced there. The new book was described in these pages as one which "will not so much startle friend or foe by novel facts or transcendent theories as consolidate, fortify, and push to a conclusion the scheme of ideas which the world has learned for years to associate with his name." Darwin, however, had modified some of his earlier arguments. Among the most modest-minded and truth-loving of men, he had from the first been willing to consider every objection that was not merely a scream from those "on the side of the angels," and to the end he never pretended to certainty where he felt doubt. The great point of the new book, however, was that man himself was at length brought within that unity which Darwin endeavoured to trace through all lower animal forms.

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One of the principal of the objections to the later book urged by the Saturday Reviewer of 1871 was that he had taken too little account of the probable complexity of man's descent. He ought, it was suggested, to have made more use of the researches and suggestions of Wallace. The criticism was shrewd, for, to such a layman as myself, and apparently to a good many men of science also, the principal defect of Darwinism is its comparative simplicity. Yet, it may be retorted, if the theory had come before the world with all the reservations and lateral speculations with which it is now usually presented, it is unlikely that it would have made so deep an impression on the public mind. It would have been less vulnerable in detail, but also less effective. And in no event would it have failed to cause the preposterous explosion of theological wrath it caused. For the doctrine of a special creation of man was held very firmly by a piety far from unmixed with vanity. As we have seen within the last few days, the notion of man as evolving from lower animal forms is intensely repugnant to certain minds. Darwin put his theory forward without provocation, but nothing could have averted the clash. The amazing thing is that the controversy should now be revived in very much the old form, so that a reprint of some article of sixty years ago might pass, with a little sub-editing, as comment on it. And one might do worse than reprint such an article: there is to-day neither a Huxley nor an ecclesiastic who could measure swords with a Huxley.

STET.



## REVIEWS

## MUSSOLINI IN A MIST

BY EDWARD SHANKS

*Benito Mussolini—the Man.* By Vahdah Jeanne Bordeaux. Hutchinson. 18s.

THERE are three phenomena in the post-war world, none at all well understood, all having probably some bearing on the destiny of our civilization. One is the United States: the second is Bolshevik Russia: the third is Fascist Italy. The third has the advantage of being apparently focused in one man—a character admirable or hateful, great or merely theatrical, according as you look at him, but to all observers profoundly interesting. There is therefore a prodigious appetite for books which promise to throw any light on his character, his aims and his achievements.

But that is no reason why anyone should have written or anyone else published such a book as that now under consideration. The writer, to judge from her name, is not English, and I at first concluded that she had enjoyed the services of a translator who was prudent in suppressing his own name. Further examination inclines me to the view (which I put forward only as a theory) that she herself has written these pages as they now stand in what she supposes to be the English language. Far be it from me to sneer at her achievements in this direction: I only wish that I could write French half as copiously. The reflection is rather on her publisher than on herself. But I do seriously inquire how any reputable publisher can have allowed such a work to go out into the world, when there are, surely, scores of elementary schoolmasters who would have been glad to earn a fiver or so by correcting the errors it contains.

Let me give a few examples. Mme. Bordeaux does not know the simple English word "plot": she invariably speaks of a "complot." Mussolini "circulates freely"—which means riding a horse or driving in a car. "More and more the people were suffering from the excesses of the revolutionaries. The fagging was beginning to exasperate even the calmest"—I do not know what Mme. Bordeaux means by "fagging." Mistakes like these, and sentences which are confused and involved, or end by saying something their author apparently does not mean, abound in every chapter. It is long since I have read any book in which the English language was so complacently man-handled. The author, we may assume, does not know any better: the publishers should.

All this is serious enough. But one would not mind forcing one's way through a jungle of errors if there were any useful information about Mussolini and Fascism to be found at the heart of it. But what Mme. Bordeaux really knows about the subject is not made very clear. She rarely quotes an authority for her statements—and some of them are startling enough to require confirmation, even if they had proceeded from a much more sober writer. She had an interview with Mussolini, and he told her what he has told a great many interviewers: that he lives on his nerves, and that he loves his country idolatrously. The historian will no doubt note that this is the sort of thing Mussolini did say to interviewers, but what else he will make of Mme. Bordeaux's contribution to history I cannot imagine. She seems to have but the dimmest notion that behind Fascism there is a theory, and that, since that theory was shaped in Mussolini's mind, some account of it is indispensable in any account of the man and his career. She fails entirely to describe the manner in which Fascism was organized before the march on Rome, or, for that

matter, the manner in which it is organized now. She merely shows us Mussolini commanding things to happen and the things obediently happening—a vision which may satisfy her, but which is rather meagre fare for the earnest seeker after knowledge. Of her capacity for dealing with disputed matters of fact I will give one specimen. It will be remembered that last year, while he was visiting Bologna, Mussolini was fired at. The supposed assassin was immediately beaten to death by the mob. Mme. Bordeaux herself describes him as "a boy of fifteen, who had never been suspected of having anti-Fascist sentiments, as his brothers were ardent Fascists, and his father a zealous partisan of the cause, and the official printer for the Fascist party of Bologna." For these reasons it was suggested, not without plausibility, that in the confusion and passion of the moment an innocent bystander had suffered while the actual assassin had escaped. The almost incredible Mme. Bordeaux thus answers this quite reasonable suggestion:

The *Evening Standard* (London) and various other foreign papers declared that they believed the child was innocent. Well, if he were, what was he doing with a loaded revolver? Until twenty a youth is not permitted to carry firearms in Italy. Why, too, did young Zamponi fire at Mussolini?

One is left muttering in bewilderment: Why, indeed? But, recovering from this stupefaction, one concludes that Mme. Bordeaux is not likely to be a very helpful guide through the tortuous byways of the Matteotti affair, and in fact she is not. Her decision, given without any hint of proof, is that the unfortunate man was murdered by members of his own party.

But, here as elsewhere, Signor Mussolini might very well cry in his anguish on Heaven to preserve him from the gushing friend. Mme. Bordeaux, in her well-meant efforts, achieves this:

To openly accuse Mussolini of the murder of a member of his own Parliament was next to impossible, for his faithful followers (and there were still enough to defend the Duce) would have killed the accuser before the words could be uttered. No, Mussolini was never openly accused of other than instigating the murder of Matteotti.

But she is at her worst and most damaging when she attempts to defend her unfortunate hero. Who ever heard it seriously and reputably said that Signor Mussolini was taking the opportunity to feather his nest? No doubt such mud is thrown, but in all probability there never was a man in such a position to whom less of it stuck. Nevertheless, Mme. Bordeaux, having indignantly recited the slander, proceeds to refute it by telling a story of a recent occasion when the Duce, finding his pockets empty, had to borrow twenty lire from a secretary to buy toys for his children. As if that story had not been told about millionaires from time immemorial!

Books of this sort ought to be severely reprobated when they occur, because they darken counsel. To-day everything that happens anywhere in the world is the business of everybody in the world. It is not for us to interfere in the domestic concerns of Italy, but it is, most emphatically, our business to understand them, if we can. And revolutions are, at best, hard for the foreigner to understand. Mme. Bordeaux says:

The first of May [1920], European Labour Day, all work ceased from one end of Italy to the other, and few, indeed, were the non-partisan citizens who ventured out of their homes that day.

I do solemnly aver that I was in Italy on May 1, 1920, and knew nothing whatever about this upheaval. Some work was done in Italy that day. A waiter brought many bottles of beer to the quayside to put into my boat, and a fisherman helped me to cast off. I do not say this in order to suggest that the situation was not really grave: I mean merely that the precise effect of revolutions on the population at large is extraordinarily hard to estimate, and that books

written by sentimental gushers tend to make it harder. The truth about Fascism is not easy to discover: I put it mildly when I say that Mme. Bordeaux does not make it any easier.

### THE OTHER LANDOR

*Robert Eyres Landor. Selections with an Introduction by Eric Partridge. Fanfrolico Press. 45s.*

TO revive the reputation of the younger Landor, or, rather, to win for him the fame he has been denied, is an enterprise with which we have the warmest sympathy, and in Mr. Eric Partridge we find a biographer and critic qualified for the task by knowledge, industry and enthusiasm. We must, however, reluctantly add that this volume of selections, agreeable to a very few devotees as it may be by reason of its excerpts, and much as it may gladden the eye of the lover of good printing, is unlikely to redress the wrong done to Robert Landor. It is not merely that a costly volume, issued in an edition limited to 155 copies, cannot be an instrument of popularization: Mr. Partridge has adopted a method which would in any event have precluded success with the general public. Inspired, we must suppose, by recollection of the good work which Sir Sidney Colvin's selections from Walter Savage did for the honour of the elder and much greater master, he has endeavoured to illustrate the whole range of Robert's writings in verse and prose by selected passages. But whereas Walter Savage can be almost satisfactorily savoured in an anthology, Robert cannot.

The resemblances between Walter Savage and Robert, not in the least arising from the younger's imitation of the elder, are striking, but in the prose of Robert, pure and dignified and finely edged as it is, there is not one passage so detachable as a score of great passages in Walter Savage. Again, as regards verse, Robert has no epigrams, and nothing in narrative poetry as harmlessly to be separated from its context as the famous sea-shell passage in his brother's epic. Finally, any anthology must do great injustice to the two classes of composition in which, at least in some respects, Robert surpassed Walter Savage: drama, and philosophical and satirical romance.

But while we regret that Mr. Partridge has used the small space left him by his rather too lengthy biographical essay in an endeavour to quote from every one of Robert's works, even from the undergraduate essay on Socrates, we are grateful to him for his services to the dozen people who read Robert and cannot always have at hand the original and only issues. Unless we have totally misunderstood the spirit of his Introduction, he will pardon us if, instead of discussing that carefully documented, slightly too eulogistic study, we seize the opportunity for propaganda on behalf of so fine and so shamefully neglected a writer. The causes of Robert's failure in his own day are known. Twice over, at critical stages of his literary life, books by him were ascribed to greater writers and ceased to be regarded as soon as their true authorship was disclosed. There, and in his selfless devotion to the needs of his remote country parish, are the explanations of his failure with the contemporary public. But that the plays and the two romances should have remained unprinted, and we happen to know that within the last two or three years an effort to get the latter reissued has been abortive, is stupefying.

For 'The Earl of Brecon,' despite faults and peculiarities, is a singularly original and effective play; 'The Fawn of Sertorius,' though rather overlaid with classical detail, is full of grave charm of feeling and is genuinely successful in narrative; and 'The Fountain of Arethusa,' after beginning as an admirable

story of adventure into a lost world, develops into an extraordinarily persuasive satire in which the modern world is condemned by a quiet, deadly contrast with the ancient. As for 'The Impious Feast,' nothing could ever make it generally appreciated, but what have the pundits of prosody been about all these years that they have not found time to discuss its daring and often successful attempt to write a kind of verse in which the qualities of blank verse and rhymed shall be combined?

Robert had his share of Walter Savage's failings as well as of his genius. His abruptness in transition, his occasional obscurity, his lack of suppleness, his not always quite happily used learning, his peculiar vein of satire may be difficulties for some. But that he was, in his way and degree, a poet and satirist of rare merit, and master of a pure and choice diction, any page of his romances will suffice to prove. And as to drama, though his persistent search for metaphor often gets in the way of the expression of emotion, what fit reader will deny greatness to the conclusion of 'The Earl of Brecon,' where the servant of the dead hero, tortured by memory of the injustice he has done his master, unpacks his heart in few and terrible words, whereas the mother, the sister and affianced bride who had shared in persecuting him under misapprehension, are silent in their still deeper anguish?

Aye, lover, brother, son, but dead withal!  
Cry runaway and craven in his ear:  
I did that loved him so. Wake, hollow-heart!  
Out with the bastard from his father's gate!  
Off, vagabond! He will not heed or hear me.

The man who wrote that, and kept the major persons of the tragedy silent, was at that one moment a dramatic poet worthy to be mentioned with the authors of 'The Duchess of Malfi' and 'The Cenci.'

### TOWARDS HEALTH

*Keeping Well.* By Kate Platt. Faber and Gwyer. 5s.

*Towards Health.* By Prof. J. Arthur Thomson. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

*The Task of Social Hygiene.* By Havelock Ellis. Second Edition. Constable. 6s.

THESE three books differ conspicuously in intention and scope. The first is a sensible and readable summary of what the layman should know and do in order to keep healthy. In the last part of the book, under the heading of 'Nature's Warnings,' the author indicates the ailments and symptoms that may foreshadow serious disease and the appearance of which should therefore lead us to consult a doctor. The book is clearly and cheerfully written in a vein more likely to dispel than to engender morbid anxiety about health.

The second book, by Professor Thomson, represents certain deductions, bearing upon the problem of how to achieve health, which arrive from the author's convictions regarding the significance of evolution and the meaning of progress. "The main trends of organic evolution," writes Professor Thomson, "against which Huxley said that man at his best must set himself, are really in man's favour, are really congruent with the highest ideals of humanity." Underlying the author's conception of nature is that of a force which, if given proper scope, will actually operate to produce health. This force he calls the "*vis medicatrix naturæ*." But health, achieved by the unhampered activity of the *vis medicatrix*, is only a precondition of progress. "What is meant by human progress? The racial consciousness at its best has persistently given the answer that progress means a broad and balanced movement (not a caste or a class



movement) in the direction of the embodiment of the higher values—the True, the Beautiful, and the Good—a realization which makes life increasingly a satisfaction in itself." The *vis medicatrix* is ever present to work for human progress; but man must learn how to shape it to the conditions of his civilization. This book is far from being a gospel of anthropo-centric evolutionary optimism, which preaches that all will be well with humanity because the forces of nature are behind it. On the contrary, it is argued that the forces of nature, though beneficent to man, are elusive and difficult to reconcile with our present mode of life; and that if man does not diligently seek out those forces and learn, by the exercise of his intelligence, how to adapt them to the conditions he has created for himself, inevitable disaster will await him. The book is not a practical guide to health. It has a more fundamental aim than this. It seeks to explain the biological ideas that underlie the study of health. This purpose it achieves in clear and convincing language that should be intelligible to all.

The third book, 'The Task of Social Hygiene,' by Mr. Havelock Ellis, also broaches a theme far more comprehensive and fundamental than is suggested by its title. "The questions of social hygiene," says the author in his preface, "go to the heart of life. It is the task of this hygiene not only to make sewers, but to remake love, and to do both in the same large spirit of human fellowship, to ensure finer individual development and a larger social organization. At one end, social hygiene may be regarded as simply the extension of an elementary sanitary code; at the other end it seems to some to have in it the glorious freedom of a new religion." It is the second meaning of the word which inspires this book, which therefore has little to do with hygiene in the limited sense. The chapters are devoted to subjects such as the status of women, the significance of a falling birth-rate, Eugenics and love, religion and the child, immorality and the law, the abolition of war, the problem of an international language. The book reveals a profundity of learning and a breadth of vision which will leave very few of its readers uninformed or uninspired. Further, the perusal of this book is made a pleasure by the lucid and pungent style which Mr. Ellis commands. No popular conception of a personality was ever further from the truth than that of Mr. Ellis as a writer of immense and learned works, alienated by his erudition from a sympathy with the needs and aspirations of humanity. Let him who doubts this assertion read this book. It is unfortunately impossible to do justice to Mr. Ellis's theme in so short a review. An impression of its ultimate note may, however, be conveyed by the following quotation, which concludes the last chapter upon Individualism and Socialism:

Poets and prophets, from Jesus and Paul, to Novalis and Whitman, have seen the divine possibilities of man. There is no temple, they seem to say, so great as the human body; he comes in contact with heaven, they declare, who touches the human person. But these human things, made to be gods, have spawned like frogs all over the earth. Everywhere they have beslimed its purity and befouled its beauty, darkening the very sunshine. Heaped upon one another in evil masses, preying upon one another as no creature has ever preyed upon its kind, they have become a festering heap which all the oceans in vain lave with their antiseptic waters, and all the winds of heaven cannot purify. It is only in the unextinguished spark of reason within him that the salvation of man may ever be found, in the realization that he is his own star, and carries in his hand his own fate. The impulses of Individualism and of Socialism alike prompt us to gain self-control and to learn the vast extent of our responsibility. . . . To attain a society in which Individualism and Socialism are each carried to its extreme point would be to attain to the society that lived in the Abbey of Thelema, in the City of the Sun, in Utopia, in the land of Zarathustra, in the Garden of Eden, in the Kingdom of Heaven. . . . But to-day we hold in our hands more certainly than ever before the clues that were imperfectly foreshadowed by Plato, and what our fathers sought ignorantly, we may attempt by methods according to knowledge. No Utopia was ever realized; and the ideal is a mirage which must ever elude us, or it would

cease to be an ideal. Yet all our progress, if progress there be, can only be in setting our faces towards that goal to which Utopias and ideals point.

The book is cheap for six shillings, and the publishers are to be congratulated on the form in which it has been produced.

## WILLIAM LAW

*William Law and Eighteenth-Century Quakerism.*

By Stephen Hobhouse. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

THE author of 'A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life' has many claims to be carefully and seriously studied. He was not only responsible for a homiletic masterpiece, he was also one of the greatest of English mystical prose writers. He is further entitled to remembrance as a protagonist in the Bangorian controversy, as a nonjuror, as the spiritual father of Wesleyanism, and as the only theologian Gibbon respected. In the volume before us Mr. Stephen Hobhouse, with the help of some hitherto unpublished letters and fragments, makes a special study of Law's spiritual progress from the standpoint of contemporary Quakerism and claims to correct and supplement the standard biography by Canon Overton in two important respects. First, he believes that Law's biographer has exaggerated his consistency and conscientiousness as clergyman and writer, while, secondly, he holds that it is misleading to regard as characteristic of Law's life as a whole the High Church views he expressed in his writings in the period 1737-1740. On the whole Mr. Hobhouse makes out his case, and we are given an interesting and documented account of a theological evolution which serves to illustrate how few are the steps which lead from Anglo-Catholicism to Quietism, or some would even say the common element in Catholicism and Quakerism.

Law's outward inconsistency cannot well be denied. In the Bangorian controversy he maintained the High Church position. His early references to the Quakers were not intended to show sympathy. He brackets them with Muggletonians, Socinians, Deists, Infidels, Jews and Turks. It is only rarely Mr. Hobhouse points out "that they are in company so respectable as that of Presbyterians or Independents." Their denial of outward sacraments was in his judgment their prime heresy.

It is interesting to observe how, partly under the influence of Boehme, the emphasis in Law's teaching is altered until finally he holds doctrines closely akin to those of the Society of Friends. The importance of outward observances is minimized, he believes in the Inner Light. In 'An Address to the Clergy' he denounces war and military establishments. He calls the crusades "blood-thirsty expeditions," and the wars since the Reformation are worse. He exclaims: "Now fancy to yourself Christ, the Lamb of God, after His divine Sermon on the Mount putting Himself at the head of a blood-thirsty army, or St. Paul going forth with a squadron of fire and brimstone, to make more havoc in human lives than a devouring earthquake." Such a supposition he stigmatizes as a blasphemous absurdity and goes on to argue that of all wars, those fought in the name of religion—"to make Christians kill Christians for the sake of Christ's Church"—mark the highest triumph of Satan. The kinship of Law's latest thought with Quakerism is fully demonstrated. His fine tolerance is shown in the following passage: "If we would be true Christians of the Catholic Church, we must enter into a Catholic affection for all men, love the spirit of the Gospel wherever we see it, not work ourselves up into an abhorrence of a George Fox, or an Ignatius Loyola, but be equally glad of the light of the Gospel, wher-

ever it shines or from what quarter it comes." Mr. Hobhouse has performed a useful service in making this careful study of one of the most interesting figures in the religious history of the eighteenth century.

### AN AMERICAN ON CHINA

*China and the Powers.* By H. K. Norton. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

SOMETIMES one has to complain that books printed in America and sent over in sheets to this country are bound up here to look like English printed books by English authors. No such complaint can be brought against this volume; it bears the imprint of Allen and Unwin on the title-page, but we are plainly told that the volume was printed in America. Further, we are given a one-page biography of the author. The manner of publication is a model for the reissue of American printed works in this country.

With Mr. Norton a summary biography is perhaps less necessary than with some American authors. His 'Far-Eastern Republic of Siberia' is known to students of the Far East in this country, and he has associated with English scholars and publicists in a number of those semi-official public discussions which are held periodically in America. Much of the material in the present volume was prepared for such conferences, and was revised after the debates which took place in them. We have no parallel for these "Institutes of Politics" in this country, unless it be the proceedings of the Royal Institute for International Affairs. In America these discussions hold the same relationship to politics as the British Association to scientific research. It is not without interest that the Royal Institute was responsible for a recent book by Sir Frederick Whyte which covered a field almost identical with that surveyed by Mr. Norton in the present book.

Mr. Norton attempts an historical survey of the relationship of each of the Powers to China, an analysis of the internal situation in China, and concludes with a speculative chapter on the future of China. His survey of Great Britain's relationship is less biased than might be expected from an American source. He admits that the blame for recent "incidents" in China has been lodged against this country with a deliberate and wanton disregard for the facts. Particularly judicious is his summary of the affair at Wanhhsien in September, 1926. Nor is he altogether indifferent to the services which Great Britain has rendered to China during the last sixty years. The administration of the Chinese customs under a British head has remained ever since the first appointment of Sir William Hart in the 'sixties the one permanent and profitable department of Chinese fiscal administration.

In his early chapters Mr. Norton is judicious; in his final survey one can detect the entry of the American advocate. His attitude changes and at times even the facts change. When judicious he admits that history must decide to what extent Great Britain was responsible for the initiation of the Washington Conference; as an advocate he treats the conference as if it were entirely an American proposal. His early survey shows that formerly America shared the aggressive attitude of other countries in her Chinese policy; she was protected through the favoured nation clause for any advantage that other Powers might gain for their nationals by conquest or treaty. From his conclusion one might imagine that America has from the beginning adopted an attitude of disinterested benevolence. We are even led to believe that Great Britain's policy is due to a tardy recognition of this American attitude of goodwill. Mr. Norton ought to read Sir Frederick Whyte's book, or, failing that, to reconsider the facts

as he has himself stated them. The onus of misrepresentation has rested with Great Britain; her Chinese investments are ten times those of the United States; she has her position as a Far Eastern Power to consider, yet, despite everything, she has adopted ever since the outbreak of the present Chinese chaos an attitude of genuine and consistent friendship. Great Britain's policy was clearly defined to the Powers in December, 1926, by the note of our Chargé d'Affaires at Peking. Mr. Norton mentions that declaration in a footnote. Is he aware that it cuts the ground away from much of the argument of his final chapter?

### NATURE AND THE WOOD-ENGRAVER

*Poisonous Plants: Deadly, Dangerous and Suspect.* Engraved on Wood and with an Introduction by John Nash. With Brief Description by W. Dallimore. Haslewood. 350 Numbered Copies. £2 12s. 6d.

THIS work seems intended to vindicate the proposition that of the making of books there is no end—a truth which we should be the last to call in question. Mr. Nash has quite frankly sought a suitable group of plants to portray, and with the engravings once done, text and binding follow on quite naturally. So we have a book—price £2 12s. 6d. We doubt if it was worth while. The woodcuts are well executed and reproduced, but we should hesitate to point out any as a work of genius. Mr. Nash's sombre power is unsuited to his subject, as he shows well by breaking clean away from it in the case of the churchyard yew, where he achieves a magnificently eerie churchyard, and lets the yew sulk in a corner by itself. In a woodcut like his 'Foxglove' he is trying to translate into his language something entirely incapable of being expressed in it. This is not a foxglove, but what a foxglove might look like in your mind's eye if it had been associated with a terrible fright in childhood.

Modern wood-engravers turn to nature very freely, and nearly always with poor success. All those whose work we know, except Mr. Fitch Daglish, seem capable of nothing but gloomy masses, in which terms it is impossible to give true expression to any subject outside a very limited range. Bewick a hundred years ago elaborated the only technique of wood-engraving by which nature has so far been naturally expressed. Fineness and delicacy, backed by an observant genius, were the reasons for his success. Modern wood-engravers, with one or two exceptions, seem to approach nature with their minds made up, which is the last thing one should do; they make no serious effort towards receptiveness, but have one obvious trait of the subject fixed in their minds, and run it to death in much the same way as the old anthropomorphic naturalists with their wicked cuckoos and sagacious ravens. They do not produce portraits in the proper sense, but symbols of qualities, and generally of human qualities.

Where this has been avoided we meet with isolated instances of ponderous mass and bold contrast proving effective, but these again are mostly decorative *tours-de-force*—designs, not expressions of nature. Perhaps Mr. Nash would say that his aims are misunderstood; but, if so, Mr. Dallimore has equally misunderstood them in preparing his brief descriptive accounts, which are clearly intended to accompany portraits of the selected species. While we are far from wishing to condemn the engraver and all his works, we do not feel that he has succeeded: he ought to adapt himself better to nature, or choose a more congenial field.



## NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

*Gallion's Reach.* By H. M. Tomlinson. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.*Topsy-Turvy.* By Vernon Bartlett. Constable. 10s.*The Holy Lover.* By Marie Conway Oemler. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.*Echio.* By Shaw Desmond. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT describes the author of 'Gallion's Reach' as an English Conrad. Mr. Tomlinson certainly employs some of Conrad's mannerisms. On the first page we read: "The bridge caught the last of the light, and a trace of anger that flushed the murk banked in the west, to which the ship was moving, was reflected in the face of an officer there, and gave him the distinction of a being *regnant and stern*." The italics are mine. But what a Conradian phrase!—more Conradian, perhaps, than English. And also reminiscent of Conrad's manner are those brief informal comments that disdain a main verb, as though uttered by someone too taciturn or too tired to fulfil the whole duty of speech. "His boyish application might have saved him from Billiter Avenue. But no answer. Nothing doing."

This device, if one can call it such, Conrad used sparingly and to give an effect of intimacy, of a sudden changed inflexion in the narrator's voice. In Mr. Tomlinson's hands it is merely a trick of style, and one grows tired of it. Another point of resemblance between the two writers is their continual use of irony. Irony was the vehicle for Conrad's sense of humour, a humour that is in itself characteristically English. It is Cockney humour, dry and a little bitter, that does not raise a smile, much less a laugh, only a wry movement of the lips. In Conrad it ceases to be pert and cheeky and to concern itself with trivialities; it assumes noble and tragic airs and makes the universe its butt. But in spite of its stateliness it keeps a kind of slyness; there is always a sting in its tail; a kind of celestial "I don't think" or ironical "not 'arf" tempers its aloofness with informality. Irony is frequently the refuge of the dissatisfied and the frustrated; the baffled romanticism of Conrad's characters cried out for it. They could not accept life as it was, they could only tolerate it for the sake of the discrepancy, half-ludicrous, half-sublime, between the realities which it offered them and the possibilities with which they endowed it. Perhaps sea-faring fosters this attitude towards life, in which case Mr. Tomlinson, who also writes of the sea, the Far East, and romantic, indignant characters, is fully entitled to share it with Conrad. He certainly does share it. Of Billiter Avenue he remarks: "It has no beauty. It is not like the streets of jasper. It does not smell of myrrh. Its gates are not praise. There is no joy in it even for the privileged. A year devoted to the cherishing of this treasure gives to a devotee a countenance as grave as would golf or the obsequies of a dear friend."

In considering 'Gallion's Reach' one cannot help dwelling on Mr. Tomlinson's debt, or perhaps one should say affinity, to Conrad. The likeness is obvious; the question is, What departures has Mr. Tomlinson made from his predecessor's example, how far can his book be said to stand on its own feet? Of all Mr. Tomlinson's qualities as a writer, it is his eye and his other senses that serve him best and are most indubitably his own. The ship, the sea, the storm, the jungle—these he describes admirably. His vocabulary is enormous; there is no word he cannot use, and yet he rarely uses a word for its own sake. He is a past-master of the painting of still-life, and he has, too, Conrad's power of giving a landscape qualities more durable than the fleeting impressions

that the eye records. Jim Colet, the romantic young man who accidentally kills his employer and runs away to sea, whose ship goes down, who spends days in an open boat, who undergoes experiences, horrible and marvellous, in the Malayan jungle—Jim Colet is an ordinary young man in whose spiritual progress we are not specially interested. But he is an ideal traveller, and we hope he will make many more voyages.

For Mr. Vernon Bartlett, on the other hand, people are of the first importance. It is true that he confines his scene to Europe, which seems to be less jealous of human personality than the Far East. But the task he sets himself—to give an impression, in thirteen tales and sketches, of Europe in the throes of reconstruction—is a tremendous one, and Mr. Bartlett might have been excused if, in the effort to bring before our eyes most of the capitals and conference-centres of Europe, he had a little neglected the human for the pictorial interest. He is aware of this danger, and remarks, in the course of an engaging preface, "I have tried to give a picture of Europe during those years between the Peace Conferences of Paris and the real conclusion of peace, which, one hopes, may be said to date from the entry of Germany into the League of Nations, and I have tried to give 'human interest' to this picture by presenting it in the form of fiction." Never were inverted commas more misplaced than those which Mr. Bartlett so modestly but so needlessly attaches to the words "human interest." For in nothing is he more successful (and 'Topsy-Turvy' is a very successful book) than in lighting upon some happy, interior correspondence between incident and scene:

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so that reading the story one cannot guess which came to him first—the drama or its setting. The tale called 'Beppino and the Prime Minister,' for instance; how completely it is the product of post-war circumstances. The conference alighted upon Bellagio, and Beppino, proprietor of the Ristorante di Como, saw the chance of driving a brisk trade. His skill and foresight was rapidly bringing him a fortune, when, alas! the Prime Minister congratulated him on his cooking. The commendation was too much; it turned his head; he relaxed his efforts, he lived on his reputation, and soon his impressive body of clients fell away. A charming little story, most deftly and delicately told. The story-teller in Mr. Bartlett was never in the slightest danger from topographical preoccupations. He is certainly very familiar with foreign cities; he tells us what we want to know about them; but they are merely the frames for tales as diverse in mood and character as they are themselves. Most short-story writers have two or three characters, two or three situations, two or three effects which, with small alterations, they repeat over and over again. And when we read their attempts to add foreign provinces to their own peculiar territory we realize that they are right to stay at home instead of essaying themes for which their talents are unsuited. But Mr. Bartlett's mind has so much flexibility that he can match his variety of subjects with methods equally various. Versatility may be a sign of superficiality; but Mr. Bartlett's versatility is another aspect of sympathy, and as such it should carry him far.

'The Holy Lover' is an account, in fiction, of John Wesley's visit to Georgia and his friendship with Sophia Hopkey. It is an extraordinary incident, puzzling alike to students of Wesley, to psychologists and historians. It seems clear that he was in love with Miss Hopkey; but his behaviour to her, both before and after she married Williamson, is almost incomprehensible. Miss Oemler puts her own construction on it, which is fairly plausible; he loved, he was piqued, he had a great regard for celibacy; and these discordant emotions, converging, resulted in those freaks of behaviour which so surprised Savannah. Miss Oemler gets the situation before us very successfully; she shows skill in arranging her material, and quotes effectively from Wesley's Journal. Her own comments on the action of the story, sometimes facetious, sometimes emotional, are less satisfactory. "One wonders if the Recording Angel had an ear-ache that particular night?" she once inquires. "He" (Wesley) "was never a flirtatious man—there wasn't humour enough in him for that," she cryptically observes. The weakness of the book is that Miss Oemler's sympathy with Wesley's ideas is fluctuating, and she never presents a consistent picture of him.

Anyone with a strong stomach and an interest in gladiators will enjoy Shaw Desmond's 'Echo.' The febrile atmosphere of the reign of Nero is excellently conveyed, and the fights are thrilling. The narrative itself is little more than a peg on which to hang impressions of ancient Rome.

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This and the following work are from a new publisher, who apparently intends to specialize in works dealing with economics and socialism.

**KARL MARX.** Edited by D. Ryzanoff. Lawrence. 6s.

**FIFTY YEARS OF SPOOF.** By Arthur Roberts. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

The memoirs of the famous music-hall performer.

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A further instalment, under the editorship of Mr. Humbert Wolfe. The selections appear on the whole to be well made, but in the Latin anthology could not room have been made for the 'Pervigilium Veneris'?

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## LITERARY NOTES

NEXT month Lord Grey of Falldon's eagerly awaited book on *The Charm of Birds* will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Lord Grey begins, we are told, with a kind of Shepherd's Calendar of the songs of birds. There follow chapters on nests, on the flight of birds, and on personal experiences of wild and tame birds. The book will be illustrated with woodcuts by Mr. Robert Gibbings.

*The Elements of Book Collecting*, by Mr. Iolo Williams, is promised for autumn publication by Messrs. Elkin Mathews and Marot. This is designed for the collector with modest means, as well as for the ambitious and opulent.

A very interesting list is that of Mr. Peter Davies. It includes Defoe's *Tour Through the Whole Island of Great Britain*, reprinted from the rare first edition, with collotype illustrations from contemporary maps; a series of "Little Books" edited by Mr. Charles Whibley, among them Raleigh's *Instructions*, Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn-Burial*, Wright's *Country Conversations*; an important survey of the *Printing of To-day*, by Messrs. Oliver Simon and Julius Rodenberg, the latter dealing with Continental typography.

Also due from Mr. Peter Davies are Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis's documented *Life of François Villon*, which will be ready in the middle of next month, and Mr. Anthony Bertram's *Life of Rubens*.

Fourteen years ago much interest was excited in America by a book oddly entitled *The Autobiography*



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of an *Ex-Coloured Man*. This work has not so far been published in England, but Mr. Knopf is issuing an English edition shortly, with a revelation of the author's identity. It was written by Mr. J. W. Johnson, whose excellent work on negro "spirituals" is well known.

\*

It is no small public that will be interested to learn of the imminent publication of a new volume of Scottish verse by Mrs. Violet Jacob. It is entitled *The Northern Lights*, and will be issued by Mr. Murray.

\*

*The Ormond Poets*, a series of shilling volumes, is promised by Mr. Noel Douglas. This publisher's admirable series of replicas of first or early editions is to be continued with exact reproductions of the *Hydrotaphia*, of Keats's *Poems* of 1820, of FitzGerald's *Omar* (the Quaritch edition), and of the *Areopagitica* of 1644. He also announces a version of the only book written by Claude Debussy, *Mr. Crotchet and the Dilettantes*.

\*

Mr. Martin Secker, besides adding Mr. Norman Douglas's *South Wind*, Mr. Machen's *The Hill of Dreams*, and other volumes to the New Adelphi Series, will publish in November Dr. Lion Feuchtwanger's new historical novel, *The Ugly Duchess*.

\*

We regret that in Mr. Edward Shanks's review of 'The Life of the White Ant' last week the publisher's name was wrongly given. The book is published by Messrs. Allen and Unwin.

## THE SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for September opens with a charming portrait of his mother by Mr. Hugh Walpole—a gem of description. Mr. W. A. Darlington describes 'The Theatre Exhibition at Magdeburg,' with some reflections on the value of a subsidized theatre and on the difficulties of our play-producers and designers. Mr. Louis Golding tells in 'Lotus and Manna' of his adventure in an African ghetto; Mr. H. M. Walbrook recalls the memory of Mr. A. S. Cooke in 'A Poet of the South Downs.' The story is by M. Delattre, 'Tromkè and the Little Old Woman'—a dog who went to see his old mistress in the workhouse. Mr. R. C. Long has one of his valuable letters from Berlin on the economic crisis there; Mr. Whelpley explains President Coolidge's Vermontese; and there are papers on European politics, the Cruisers, South Africa, Ireland, the House of Lords, and Piece Work.

The *Monthly Criterion* remarks on the neglect of English music at the Frankfurt Festival. Mr. F. Manning contributes 'A Note on Sir James Frazer,' emphasizing the limits that scholar insists on in interpreting his results. Father D'Arcy, on 'The Thomistic System and Intelligence,' replies to Mr. Murry, and suggests a deeper study of philosophy, while M. Mauron also deals with him in 'Concerning Intuition.' M. Praz continues his study of Chaucer with a select bibliography. The *Chronicles* are for Music and French. The *Foreign Reviews* this month are Danish.

The *London Mercury* strongly supports the movement for acquiring the land round Stonehenge to free it for ever from the danger of vulgar surroundings. Verse by Miss North, Lord Gorell, Mr. Herring, and others. Mr. Bramah gives us another Chinese fantasy, 'The Story of Wan and the Remarkable Shrub'; Miss Gregson describes the misfortunes of a motor run in France; Mr. A. P. Herbert amuses us with 'Two Gentlemen in Soho'—a modern situation dealt with in a Shakespearean method. Mr. Shanks writes on 'The Poetic Imagination' apropos of Keats and Coleridge; Mr. Rose gives an account of Contemporary German Literature, which appears to be uninspiring; and Miss Murphy continues her useful bibliography of Thomas. The 'Chronicles' deal with The Movies, Fiction, Belles Lettres, Literary History, Drama, Philosophy, Topography, and Natural History in a capable way.

The *National Review* reflects on Mr. Baldwin's success in Canada, the German Idea, South Africa and the Native, Cabinet reconstruction, Agriculture, and Irish politics. The Vice-Provost of Eton deals with 'Free Verse: A Parallel and a Warning'—where the Sitwells and Mr. Eliot are compared with some

Athenian revolters against the rules. Miss Pitt describes her attempt to photograph a crane on its nest; Col. Craig describes a visit to Norway; Mr. A. Keppel writes of his youth in Germany; and Mr. A. G. Bradley gives us the Journal of an Emigrant to Virginia in 1774-7. Capt. Russell describes some war experiences at Ypres; and the Archdeacon of Chester discusses the fate of the Prayer Book when it comes before Parliament.

*Blackwood* opens with a story of travel through Soviet Russia by people who could not speak Russian. 'The Arrow that Flieth' is the story of a falcon and a tufted duck. 'Benighted on the Moor of Rannoch' (West Highlands) tells its own tale, as does 'Festival Time in the Malayan Rubber.' There is also a sea story, an elephant story, and a horror. 'Musings Without Method' deal with our obsequious attitude to America, tells some wine stories, and reproves the attitude of Conservative leaders.

The *Empire Review* has an essay on the art of self-advertisement entitled 'The Incredible Dullness of Mr. H. G. Wells.' 'An Australian Looks at London,' and finds very little to admire in its recent developments; Dr. Vaughan Cornish continues his valuable articles on 'The World's New Boundaries'; Mr. Scott praises 'The Wealth of Nations' in 'Books as Links of Empire.' Prof. Thomson deals with the Population question, and Dr. Williams with Face-Lifting and other surgical aids to comeliness.

The *English Review* has articles on 'Achilles with the Golden Clogs'—European debts to America; 'British Communism and its Leaders,' with some interesting revelations; 'The Lion of the Punjab,' a good account of Ranjeet Singh and the Sikh conquest; and 'The Attack upon the New Forest.' Miss Kent describes the literary career of George Wyndham; Miss Jones is amusing on the London of a century ago; and Mr. John Gibbons revels in the absurdities of Cinema conventions. The stories are by Mr. Louis Golding and Mr. W. Gilhespy.

*Cornhill* begins a new story by Mr. Stanley Weyman; others are 'Angel Dust,' by Mr. Dorset; 'That Station in Life,' by Mr. C. K. Allen. Dr. Mercer writes on India and Education; Mr. Roscoe finds parallels between 'Dr. Johnson and Anatole France'; Gen. MacMunn revives the memory of a tragedy during the Mutiny; Miss Thomas tells of studio life in Paris; and Mr. Hargreaves of an expedition intended to found a new republic in South America. The Austin-Dobson letters are continued.

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So he said where did you get your name from?

And he said well I made it up. He said then I think you might have made up a better one.

And he said well perhaps I might. So he said now let us come to business, how many languages can you talk?

And he said one.

Some of these short tales are profound and satirical: but I like the straightforward ones best—especially the one about the little girls who quarrelled:

And Christine Tong said yes it was, and you are a thief and she is a tell-tale, and I don't want to be friends with you any more. And Susan said I don't want to either, you smell.

That surely is the right Homeric touch."

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*Chambers* describes the feelings against fresh air in 'Blaming the Air,' by Prof. Fraser-Harris, and there are articles on 'The Gurka,' 'The Peopling of America,' 'The Lobster Industry in the Hebrides,' and some good fiction and other sketches.

*Foreign Affairs* contains papers by Mr. Robert Dell on 'A Year after Thoiry,' on 'Austria Between Fascism and Revolution,' 'The Shambles at Ocotall,' 'Australia—White or Yellow?' and 'Samoa.'

*The World To-day* has some very good papers on 'The Menace of the Moderate Man,' 'Tanks,' 'Diet' (noteworthy), 'Panama Excavations,' 'A Rugby Referee,' and others, fully illustrated.

## MOTORING

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

TWO of the largest firms of motor manufacturers in this country have announced a reduction in the present prices of their cars for the new season, beginning on September 1. Both Sir Herbert Austin and Mr. W. R. Morris are past-masters in gauging the amount of money which the public will pay for family vehicles; they have extended their range by including new models to gather customers from a wider field. Coventry appeared to be somewhat surprised when the Austin Company announced their new light six-cylinder car of 16 h.p.; it was anticipated that the larger six-cylinder model of 20 h.p. introduced last year would be sufficient to supply the demands in that direction in that particular make. However, there is a growing tendency to discard four-cylinder cars in favour of six-cylinder ones, provided they can be obtained at a moderate figure. Sir Herbert Austin and his fellow directors have decided to cater for that market, having already obtained a large share of the four-cylinder trade among small, medium and large cars. Motorists who require the new, light six-cylinder Austin would do well to send in their orders at once, as deliveries will not begin until March next.

Mr. Morris's reductions are bringing the Morris-Cowley cars year by year nearer to the ideal—a general utility machine that can be sold for one hundred pounds, complete and ready for the road. No one has yet managed to do this and make a commercial success of it, but the trade has made distinct progress towards that end. In Mr. Morris's new programme are included two models which consist of the Morris-Cowley chassis with the Morris-Oxford coachwork—improved family machines, having a smaller fuel consumption than the larger Morris-Oxford. These have been produced according to the particulars issued by the Cowley factory at the urgent desire of many of their old customers. Doubtless many new ones will be equally pleased. All the other models are retained, together with the 15.9-h.p. car, which was introduced in the earlier part of this year. It is believed that Mr. Morris has a six-cylinder model ready to produce when he considers the time is ripe, but at present this is going to wait until the public demand it from him, which will not be while they are still satisfied with the low-priced four-cylinder vehicle he provides at present.

Petrol costs 7½d. per United States gallon in New York owing to the low prices of crude oil, so that, low as the prices are in the United Kingdom, there is still a possibility of seeing a further reduction towards the end of the year. The low price of fuel should greatly help the motoring industry; Austins, Morris-Cowleys, Singers, and other small cars of that character run between thirty and forty miles for a little over a shilling for petrol, which certainly makes motoring cheaper than railroad travelling at third-class rates. Cheapness of fuel will also encourage a number of

motorists to buy larger cars, especially now that tyre prices are so small and wheel coverings give a mileage of about ten thousand miles. The Rover Company have produced a new two-litre six-cylinder car, as their latest addition to the programme, which is being sold at a very moderate price with a Weymann saloon body. Messrs. Armstrong-Siddeley are also expected to add a further light six-cylinder to their present range, so that besides the light six-cylinder Wolseley, and the new light six-cylinder Austin, motorists in favour of this type will have plenty of choice. Competition among these makers will certainly bring competitive prices, so that whereas a year or so ago one was glad to be able to obtain a good medium powered four-cylinder car for five hundred pounds, the coming season will see many excellent six-cylinder vehicles available within that figure.

In regard to long usage, the low-pressure tyre has compelled the owner or driver to pay a great deal more attention to the internal pressure of the wheel covers. It has also produced a useful novelty in the form of the Houdaille tyre-pressure equalizer, which consists of a central connexion for fitting to the pump, and two lengths of tubing to go to each of the front or rear tyres. The idea is that, starting with a fully deflated tyre, the final pressure in each must be the same, since at each stroke the two tubes are in open connexion, and automatically balance the pressure. Even when one tyre is fully inflated and the other empty, the action of the pump makes the pressure in each alike. With this device, one tyre cannot be inflated at the expense of the other. The results of this are less wear to tyres, minimum stress on steering and differential, avoidance of wheel wobble, equal braking effect and better cornering.



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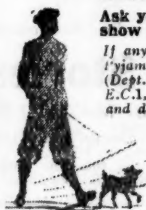
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### 7 h.p.

	NEW PRICE	OLD PRICE
Chassis - - -	£99	£112
Touring Car - - -	£135	£145
Saloon - - -	£150	£165
Mulliner Fabric Saloon	£150	—

### 12 h.p.

Chassis - - -	£195	£225
Clifton Tourer (Rear screen £10 extra)	£255	£275
Open Road Touring Car	£295	£325
Two-Seater Special - -	£295	—
Windsor Saloon - - -	£325	£350
Iver Saloon - - -	£335	£370
Mulliner 2-Seater - -	£255	£275
Mulliner 4-door		
Weymann Saloon	£325	—
Gordon Saloon		
Landaulette - -	£375	£395
Gordon Fabric Saloon		
Landaulette - -	£375	—

### 16 h.p. Light Six

Chassis - - -	£255	NEW MODEL Delivery to commence 1st March, 1928
Open Road Touring Car	£355	
Two-Seater Special - -	£355	
Saloon - - -	£395	

### 20 h.p. Four and Six Cylinder

	4-Cylinder	6-Cylinder
Chassis -	NEW PRICE £325 OLD PRICE £350	NEW PRICE £425 OLD PRICE £450
Open Road	NEW PRICE £425 OLD PRICE £450	NEW PRICE £525
Touring Car	NEW PRICE £475 OLD PRICE £495	—
Marlborough	NEW PRICE £495 OLD PRICE £515	—
Landaulette	NEW PRICE £495 OLD PRICE £515	—
Carlton	NEW PRICE £495 OLD PRICE £515	NEW PRICE £595
Saloon	NEW PRICE £515 OLD PRICE £570	NEW PRICE £615
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## CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

STOCK markets have got into their swing after the summer holidays very much quicker than usual. This year, exceptionally, the holiday season has had little if any effect on markets. The bulk of the activity has been in industrials. This gives us grounds for serious thought. Is the boom in industrial shares solely due to unreasonable speculation, or is it based on something more tangible? I am glad to say that I think that the latter is the case. Week after week industrial companies in this country are issuing reports showing an extension of business and an increase in profits. We have talked so much of a trade revival, we have scanned the horizon for so long for indications of its advent that I am wondering whether we have not missed its arrival; and whether the days we have been looking for are not already with us. It is necessary to look for some explanation to account for this extraordinary oversight. I feel it lies in the fact that for so long we have considered the heavy industries as the alpha and the omega of trade in this country that we have failed to appreciate how times have changed, and that although these trades may not be booming at the moment, there is amazing activity in other directions. Art silk, tobacco, motor-cars, wines—all the luxury trades are booming. This indicates considerable spending power on the part of the population, and the natural corollary is that their earning power has increased. Criticism is frequently levelled at the present Conservative administration. The future, however, viewing the present period in better perspective than we can, may be able to attribute to it the fact that in a most unobtrusive way it has brought prosperity back to this country. The future trend of stock markets is always a hazardous thing to prophesy, but I venture the suggestion that the undoubted improvement of trade in this country will continue and grow so long as the present Government remains in office, with the one big proviso that they are able to decrease the present scale of taxation.

## NEWSPAPERS

Reference has frequently been made in these notes to newspaper shares as investments, and particular attention has been paid to those companies which are known as the Rothermere Group, that is, Associated News, *Daily Mirrors*, *Sunday Pictorials* and the *Daily Mail* Trusts. There was a time when these shares were considered rather more in the light of speculations than investments, the reason being that financial purists frequently expressed the opinion that the value of the shares was based on goodwill rather than tangible assets. The fact is now being appreciated that although this criticism may have been justified in the past, cause for it no longer exists; the various companies have entrenched themselves in such strong positions that their shares can certainly be looked upon as among the soundest of industrial investments. Having these views, despite the very substantial rises that have occurred in the newspaper share market, I feel justified in saying that I consider they can be retained as permanent investments with every degree of confidence. If selection had to be made among this group, I would divide my vote between *Daily Mirror* shares and *Sunday Pictorial* shares.

## A PROMISING CORPORATION

Dealings started last week in the shares of the Associated Anglo-Atlantic Corporation, Ltd. I draw attention to this Corporation because I have formed a high opinion of its prospects. Its capital is divided into 900,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each, and 2,000,000 deferred shares of 1s. each. Its assets consist mainly of shareholdings in the most promising cement companies, and in the newspaper companies dealt with above. No public issues were made, the shares all having been privately subscribed for in the past. The directors have stated that the Ordinary shares will receive a dividend of 10% for the current year; so presumably very considerable profits have already been made. I understand that developments are pending in October which should prove very advantageous to the Corporation. In these circumstances I am of opinion that the ordinary shares, which can be acquired at something under 25s., and the deferred shares at about 5s. 6d. are, in their class, promising purchases.

## ANGLO-ECUADOR

The oil share market remains oppressed by the over-production in America, and prices are depressing to scrutinize, although this week there has been some recovery. The Anglo-Ecuadorian Company have notified their shareholders that they propose to increase the capital of their Company, and in due course will offer their shareholders new shares at 20s. Despite the present state of the oil share market, I feel that shareholders will be well advised to take up their quota of new shares, which presents a unique opportunity of averaging higher purchases; sooner or later this Company will most certainly come into its own.

## TOBACCO

Since the last Budget tobacco shares have been somewhat neglected, doubts having been experienced as to the effect on the profits of the companies concerned of the additional tax on tobacco. As tobacco shares, particularly Imps, have been favoured investments in the past, it is pleasing to be able to record the rise in price, and increasing interest that has been shown in these shares during the last week or so. When the Stock Exchange pendulum swings it swings very definitely, and a striking example of this has been afforded by the *volte face* in the Imp market above referred to. The market excuse for this change has been the spreading of rumours that the Imp directors propose to distribute a bonus. In any case the Company is undoubtedly in a position to make a distribution and even if the directors still consider the moment inopportune, holders can rest assured that the value of it remains in their shares.

## NORTHERN NIGERIA BAUCHI

Indications point to a revival of interest in the mining market between now and the end of the year. It is interesting to note that the special tin shares which have been referred to frequently in these notes, Associated Tins and London Tins, are both standing almost at record prices. Looking ahead it is suggested that the cheapest tin share at the moment is Northern Nigeria Bauchi Pref., and given any activity in this section, these shares should certainly go ahead quickly, for at the present price of 37s. 6d. they are undervalued, both on the basis of past achievements and future possibilities.

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## Company Meeting

### CRITTALL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED.

#### EXTENSIVE DEVELOPMENT POLICY RECORD PROFIT

Presiding at the GENERAL MEETING of the Crittall Manufacturing Company Limited held on Wednesday last, the Chairman, Francis H. Crittall, Esq., J.P., in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that the nett profit of £163,285, showing an increase of £49,200 on the previous year, was all the more satisfactory in that it had been achieved in a difficult year in which, while handling an increased volume of trade, they had been engaged in extensions and reorganization work, the benefits of which were not reflected in the present accounts.

Some people might think that the profits had been unduly influenced by the boom in the building trade. In regard to that, he wished to say the directors were satisfied that when the building trade again became normal they would still be unable to cope with the volume of trade which awaited them. As a matter of fact, he believed that the metal window business was merely in its infancy, and that the scope for its expansion was practically unlimited, both in the home and export trades.

Important extensions and rearrangements had been made in connection with their various factories at Witham, Maldon, Braintree and Silver End, while the establishing of depots and warehouses in various parts of the country, where their finished products could be purchased by local builders, added materially to their sales.

With a view to consolidating the operations of the company, they had acquired the business of Messrs. E. J. Parlanti & Company of West Kensington, long recognized as the leading casters of statuary bronze, and negotiations had been completed for satisfactory working arrangements and the acquisition of an interest in Messrs. Mellows and Company Limited of Sheffield, who had had over 40 years' experience in the roof glazing industry.

Another important development was the purchase of certain land at Silver End, midway between Braintree and Witham, through their subsidiary company—The Silver End Development Company—for the provision in the vicinity of their factories of housing accommodation for their employees. In districts adjacent to their factories there was only a limited supply of housing and labour, and the provision of housing accommodation attracted the necessary labour to the neighbourhood. The houses, as soon as erected, were either tenanted by the employees or purchased by them on the instalment principle.

The company's overseas trade continued to expand and further branches and additional subsidiary companies were being established by them in various parts of the world. That trade now formed a considerable portion of their total business, an important feature being that it was not subject to seasonal demands.

Referring to interim dividend the Chairman said: "There are one or two other matters to which I must refer, and one is that, owing to our increased volume of trading necessitating the carrying of larger stocks, we find it will be much more convenient to take stock as at August 31 instead of May 31, as at present. This, we trust, will facilitate the early rendering of our accounts. For the future, therefore, the company's financial year will end on August 31, and the next accounts to be presented to you will be in respect of 15 months to August 31, 1928.

"The directors also feel that in the interests of shareholders the policy of paying an interim dividend on the Ordinary share capital should be instituted. (Hear, hear.) We, therefore, propose to adopt this course during the current financial year, and due notice as to the date of payment will be given."

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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## ACROSTICS

## PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set, presented by the publisher.

## RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of books when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.

Award of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 286

PRIS'NERS BLEST HER, AND NEGRO-SLAVES BLEST HIM,  
NOR SHALL THEIR FAME, WHILE ENGLAND LASTS, GROW DIM.

1. Your heart we need, you harmless little brute.
2. Just half of who may help us win a suit.
3. Cheerless and barren, friends! The board must go.
4. "Arm, warriors, arm," he cried, "to fight the foe!"
5. Though famed for speed, this horse must lose his head.
6. Matter it holds intended to be read.
7. In Afghanistan 'tis a word of power.
8. Enamelled oft with many a pretty flower.
9. This is my house, sir, pray dismiss me now.
10. Here you may hope to sell your horse and cow.
11. 'Tis old, and in it dwells an aged priest.
12. In England still we celebrate this feast.

\* Milton, P.L., vi.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 284  
(First of the 21st Quarter.)

HIGHWAYMAN ONE, HOUSEBREAKER, SIR, THE SECOND;  
BY CONNOISSEURS BOTH MASTER-WORKMEN RECKONED.

1. Away with him, though sweetly he could fiddle.
2. Great Scottish clan—of you we need the middle!
3. Is rough on rats and other Indian vermin.
4. England to overthrow he did determine.
5. Whistle, my master, and I'm sure to come.
6. My heart all ears, who rides in me is dumb.
7. Storm there is none here, but no little stress.
8. A metal's core extract, nor more nor less.
9. With skill and luck, you, my dear friend, may win it.
10. My bite they mortal thought:—there's nothing in it!
11. Clip at both ends what all men take with pleasure.
12. Far easier this than to amass a treasure.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 284

J	oa	Chim
GrA		Ham
C	obr	A
K	aise	R
S	panie	L
H	eats	E
E	mphasi	S
coP		Per
P	riz	E
A	mphisbaen	A <sup>1</sup>
tR	i	Ck
D	issipat	E <sup>2</sup>

ACROSTIC No. 284.—No correct solution was received.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ruth Carrick, E. A. C., Estela, Farsdon, Rev. E. P. Gatty, John Lennie, Madge, George W. Miller, Twyford, Tyro.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Baldersby, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, C. H. Burton, Chailey, Hon. R. G. Talbot, J. Chambers, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Gay, Glamis, Iago, Jop, Martha, Miss J. F. Maxwell, N. O. Sellam, Oakapple, Rand, Rikki, Sisypheus, R. H. S. Truell, C. J. Warden, Yendu. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 283.—One Light wrong: W. H. Carter. Two wrong: Hanworth, Trike.

OAKAPPLE.—You may be right; in Cassell's 'Old and New London' Jack Sheppard is called "a thievish young London carpenter"; but his name is included in a list of ten *Noted Highwaymen* in Dr. Brewer's 'Reader's Handbook.' Unless my memory is at fault, Charles Peace was a burglar, and every burglar is a house-breaker, though not every house-breaker (in the criminal sense) is a burglar.

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